

Eng. Part. vol. 78

P O E M S.

- I. ISAAC'S MEDITATIONS.
- II. THE HARP ON THE WILLOW.
- III. BENEVOLENCE.

BY WILLIAM LANE, *K*

A POOR LABOURING MAN OF FLACKWELL HEATH, NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

AUTHOR OF CLIFFDEN, A POEM;

L O N D O N:

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TO
WILLIAM LANE;
ON HIS PUBLISHING
ISAAC'S MEDITATIONS, A POEM.
(*Impromptu*)

I WISH you Joy, though humble be your Lot;
Though low your Roof, and rustic be your Cot;
I wish you Joy, that, fill'd with sacred Fire,
Your Thoughts, your Aims, your Song, to Heav'n aspire.

NATURE to you her choicest Beauties shews;
REASON refines your Mind, and guides your Views;
And fair RELIGION, from her star-pav'd Throne,
Descends to you to make her Mysteries known*.

I wish you Joy, that you have Skill to tell
What lovely Charms with Contemplation dwell.
I sing my Welcome to your pleasing Verse,
Whose tuneful Strains, in untaught Style, rehearse
Good Isaac's Meditations, when mild Eve
Bade lonely Fields the Patriarch receive.

WITH me; may many a Friend your Gift admire;
Your pious Aim approve, and catch your Fire!
Be GOD's kind Hand still open'd to your Need,
And you, your Wife, and your Ten Children feed!
May He your Cares relieve; your Sickness heal;
And raise up Friends glad to promote your Weal!
And may those Friends His dear Rewardings trace
Who marks the Succorers of his needy Race!

Leatherfellers Buildings,
London Wall.

JAS. MARSOM HUNT.

* See the Personification of Nature, Reason and Religion, in the Introduction of the Poem.

TO

WILLIAM A. B.

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ISAAC'S MEDITATIONS:

A

POEM.

AND ISAAC WENT OUT TO MEDITATE IN THE FIELD AT
THE EVEN-TIDE. GEN. XXIV. 63.

MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE SWEET. PS. CIX, 34.

ISAAC'S MEDICAL

A

POLY

AND ISAAC WENT OUT TO MEDICATE IN THE FIELD AT
THE EVENING. (REMARKS)
THE MEDICATION OF HIMSELF BEING IN THE

ISAAC'S MEDITATIONS.

WHAT Scene shall hold the Muse? what Theme her Song?
What Subject best employ her falt'ring Tongue?
Immortal SIRE! resolve — her Thought remove
From those of carnal Care and carnal Love:
From Earth's Adversities, and pleasing Charms,
Whose Smiles allure me, or whose Threat alarms;
May neither more my placid Bosom sway,
But calm Retirement prompt the tranquil Lay!

O! the sweet import of those blisful Strains,
Which echo'd o'er fair Bethlehem's favor'd Plains;
(By Heaven's high-commission'd Heralds rais'd,
While through the Midnight Shades bright Glory blaz'd;
Though solemn Sounds accost the rustic Ear,
The joyful Tidings dissipate their Fear.)

THOU, the blest Subject of that Song ! remove
All that disturbs my Peace, or cools my Love ;
Nor only Ill remove ; but, oh ! impart
Both all I need to calm and warm the Heart.
Their Peace may I enjoy ! their Glories tell ;
On the delightful Theme with rapture dwell,
Till all my Soul, assimilating ; prove
The sweet, transforming Pow'r of Heav'nly Love !
And thou, blest SPIRIT ! Source of Light and Love !
My soul enlighten, animate, and move ;
Lead me, with retrospective Views, to trace
The dawning Glories of redeeming Grace ;
Its Subjects view, in artless Guise arrayed ;
In honest, unaffected Forms display'd.
Then teach the Muse unnumber'd years to fling
Back on her Tour, and to suspend her Wing ;
And drop one kind, one seasonable Word,
To those who now nor love, nor fear her Lord.

NOR now, as wont, on Thames's flow'ry Shore,
Permit the vagrant Muse her Haunts t'explore ;
And with ludicrous Strain pollute her Lay,
Extravagantly vain, or idly gay :
But may true Pleasure and true Profit prove
The Motives which her Heart and Pen do move !

Nor let Earth's Sons excite my Envy more ;
 Teach me their Lot to scorn, their State deplore.
 Though wafted high, on Fancy's airy Wing,
 (While soul-deluding Strains soft Syrens sing),
 Though much they boast their Wit and Taste refin'd,
 Honour and Magnimity of Mind ;
 (Gifts for the noblest Use, by Heav'n ordain'd,
 Yet foul-debasing when by Vice profan'd).
 Gay while they Sport around the giddy Maze,
 The Phantom's dance, the treach'rous Meteor's blaze,
 With heedless Haste they wantonly pursue,
 And with bold Joy its transient Glories view ;
 'Till, undeceiv'd, too late then on them stare
 Dire Disappointment, Death, and dark Despair.

Oh that the Sons of Men were truly wise,
 Their Day to know, the fleeting Season prize !
 O could my Verse abrupt, my abject Strain,
 One vagrant Thought arrest, one Pause obtain ;
 Though Sounds than Rams-horn Trumpet far more base,
 Nor Priestley Breath give one assisting Grace ;
 Though feebler far than Gideon's slender Band ;
 Which, when conducted by JEHOVAH's Hand,
 Nor Jericho's strong Walls, nor Midian's Host withstand !

FULL many a time Omnipotence obtains
 The noblest Ends by the most abject Means :
 Ev'n gritty Clay shall Sight-restoring prove,
 To vindicate Almighty Power and Love.
 Might I but see display'd that Pow'r divine,
 Thus to succeed this frail Attempt of mine :
 The Bow, at venture drawn, will take effect ;
 And Force and Skill divine the Dart direct :
 Tho' triple Brass enclose the fearless Heart,
 It can't repel the Heav'n-directed Dart.
 May Heavenly Teachings guide my timorous Muse,
 Prompt, and succeed, the Argument I use ;
 My vagrant Verse, my rambling Course direct,
 Th' intricate Path of Vice to intersect ;
 And lead me on to plead fair Virtue's Cause,
 Espouse her Interest, and defend her Laws.

FIRST let the Muse, through NATURE's varying Scene,
 View her soft Shades, and her enlivening Green ;
 Her gay, her fragrant Blooms, her chrystal Rills,
 Descend the Dale, or climb her lofty Hills ;
 Trace all that from her fertile Lap profuse,
 Spontaneous flows for Sight, for Sense, for Use.
 What thoughtful Mind, who thus will Nature trace,
 Her Charms survey, and mark her ev'ry Grace,

But must confess, each pleasing Path the've trod,
 Shews matchless Excellence in Nature's God?
 Ask NATURE, "Whence her Charms and whence her Worth,
 " With which she stores and beautifies the Earth?
 " Why Winter's Cold can mellowing Pow'r diffuse,
 " Or Cancer's Heat well-ripen'd Fruits produce?
 " The gay Profusion whence, the boundless Stores,
 " That beauteous Spring, or bounteous Autumn pours?"
 Ask, " whence the Beauties which the Skies adorn,
 " At sparkling Eve, bright Noon, or blushing Morn?"
 And, when the most minute Research is made,
 And to each Object strict Attention paid;
 Her greatest Worth, her greatest Beauties view,
 Then ask, " to whom is all the Glory Due?"
 Ask NATURE—she'll resolve; the Truth aver;
 In Language most emphatic she'll declare:
 " Not mine the Praise, with borrow'd Beams I shine,
 " And own my Author only is Divine;
 " All I display, and all that I bestow,
 " From my Divine Original must flow."

SHOULD NATURE's Argument too feeble prove,
 To gain your Credit, or engage your Love,
 Ask REASON, call her Verdict to your Aid;
 Reason, your boasted Patroness, shall plead—

All she asserts, shall surely tend to prove,
The greatest Good demands the greatest Love.
Nor this her only Plea ; she'll still declare,
Interest herself is interested here.

“ Vain Men, who boast a Skill almost Divine,
“ Whose Pow'rs with more than human Wisdom shine ;
“ Yet slight, neglect, contemn so great a Good,
“ Whence all proceeds that's sought, enjoy'd, or view'd ;
“ Who blindly shun the Bliss they fondly crave,
“ And blast the Hopes which gen'rous Nature gave !
“ Here true Ambition too may feed her Fire ;
“ To heights sublime her guiltless Sons aspire ;
“ Devoid of Affectation, swell their Fame ;
“ Presume on Friendship with the Pow'r Supreme ;
“ With noble Scorn contemn inferior Things,
“ And boast Alliance with the King of Kings.
“ Here Interest, Fame, and Pleasure, all unite,
“ And form a System of complete Delight.
“ Let Prejudice subside ; this Bliss enjoy,
“ Which, while it satisfies, can never cloy ;
“ Fix, and pursue that Soul-ennobling Aim,
“ And each vain Hope of earthly Bliss disclaim.”

ARE stronger Motives needful to incite ?
Must more pathetic Arguments invite

—See from the Sov'reign Throng commission'd forth
 Heaven's first Favourite,* and first Friend to Earth;
 Her form in more than human Charms display'd,
 And in unfading vestal White array'd;
 With Smiles benign her winning Aspect grac'd,
 And in her Hand the peaceful Olive plac'd:
 Hark! she with accents mild the silence breaks;
 ('Tis with profoundest Majesty she speaks:)
 " Why vain, preposterous Man! why wish to wave
 " The Counsel kind my younger Sisters gave?
 " Doubt you the Truth, dispute th' Authority
 " Of ought they urge? Then listen now to me:
 " Think you their Plan absurd, attend to mine,
 " I have to boast Authority Divine.
 " Of high Extraction, and of early Date,
 " When the celestial Pow'rs in Counsel sate,
 " I was the Subject of Divine Debate!
 " When Man debas'd, forlorn, and guilty stood,
 " Before a righteous and accusing God,
 " I was the Import of that gracious Voice,
 " Which made his Heart, his broken Heart rejoice.
 " And unimpair'd my Mission's Pow'r appears
 " Through a long Series of succeeding Years;
 " My Testimony to the Truth I bear;
 " To rebel Man my Author's will declare,

• Religion,

C

- " Slow was the lingering Dawn ; the glimmering Ray,
" Long feebly strove to kindle up the Day :
" The Morn was long, e'er the meridian Light
" Of Gospel Glory shone divinely bright.
" 'Twas dimly ken'd through all the dusky Shade,
" Which Jewish Dispensations did pervade ;
" (And still in darker Climes lay Japhet's Race,
" From Shem's fair Tents remote,)
" By mystic Footsteps of the Deity
" They grop'd to find his Will, his Works, and me.
" But after all that long-extended Reign
" Of fallen Nature blind, and Fancy vain,
" In various Forms, and various Garbs array'd,
" Light, Gospel Light, my native Form display'd.
" Then through the Earth did the rich Splendor run,
" Through all the Earth my Author's glory shone ;
" Through all the Earth Triumphant Truth prevail'd ;
" And Opposition's every Effort fail'd.
" And shall my Message less Importance bear,
" In human Estimation since more clear
" Truth now appears, because in brighter Rays,
" My Author great his dying Love displays ?
" Can Hearts so hard, can Ears so deaf be found,
" As to reject the Soul-reviving Sound ?
" What ! are there Minds so dark, and Pow'rs so base
" As can resist such Love ; refuse such Grace ?

“ Wills so perverse, the greatest Ill to choose ?
“ Affections vile, the greatest Good refuse ?
“ Yet such there are ! Ah wretched Mortals know,
“ (Without Excuse) your Choice your Overthrow !”

SHOULD Precept and Expostulation fail,
Try we how far *Example* will prevail.

AND are there who the Paths of Peace enquire,
Whose Bosoms glow with more than mean Desire ;
Who feign would taste a Consolation pure,
And pant for Joys unmix'd, a Bliss secure ?

THE embryo Wish to its full Stature raise,
And fan the Spark divine to brightest Blaze ;
The World seclude, her Confidence disclaim ;
Of Earthly Bliss detect the fatal Dream ;
Retire, and every trifling Thought disperse,
And with your Soul, and with your God converse :
Come tread the Path the thoughtful Isaac trod,
Attend his secret Converse with his God.

WHAT Time fair Caanan's fertile Fields were spread
With Pine and lofty Cedars lengthening Shade ;
When on the Plains of Mamre Abraham led
His Kine prolific ; and when Isaac fed

His first fair Flocks, not from that Tent remote,
Where Tidings of the promis'd Seed was brought;
Where an high Angel was an Earthly Guest,
And gratified the Patriarch's great Request.
Forth from the Well the Heir of Promise roves,
And all the Charms of Solitude improves.
But first beneath the Oak's wide spreading Arms,
On that soft Seat the Thyme spread Hillock forms,
He views the Scene the Eminence commands:
O goodly Land, thou glory of the Lands,
Where Nature's sweet attractive Graces shine;
And guaranteed by Faithfulness Divine!
Nor Hebrons fruitful Vales alone suffice,
But views where the encircling Mountains rise;
Gilead and Carmel with fair Flocks o'erspread,
And Lebanon that lifts her tow'ring Head,
Whose lofty Cedars wave with stately Pride,
And wanton Kids sport on her verdant Side
Nor overlook'd he Hermon's little Hill,
Whence Fragrance breathes, and cheering Dews distil;
Upon whose western Side, the crimson Ray
With blushes indicates the closing Day.
Then, while the Lark, descending from his Tour,
With softened Strain foretells the silent Hour,
With slow advancing Step, and Mind sedate,
The pious Youth resigns his verdant Seat.

Approaching Eve forbade his longer Stay,
He on tow'ards Nahor's City bend his Way
And pious Thoughts revolving in his Breast,
In Meditation sweet his God addrest.

“ JEHOVAH great! mine, and my Father's God!
“ By whom the Heav'ns and Earth were spread abroad;
“ This boundless Universe, this goodly Frame,
“ Thy Wisdom, Power and Goodness will proclaim.
“ All Nature's Form bespeaks Thy matchless Skill;
“ All Nature's Laws subservient to thy Will.
“ Nor less thy Mercy through the Whole displays,
“ (Fav'rite of Heav'n), her kind, benignant Rays;
“ Nor Man, frail Man, the least in Thy regard,
“ Thyself his Portion, and his great Reward.
“ But what am I, or what my Father's House?
“ Why wilt thou shield us, and our Cause espouse?
“ While neighbouring Nations feel thy chastening Rod,
“ We dwell the Favorites of a faithful God.
“ Why choose our slender Stock, our feeble Race,
“ To shew Thy Praise, to share Thy richest Grace?
“ And, why thy Care, and condescending Love,
“ Do I, the meanest of thy Servants, prove?

“ OF all the Gifts which from Thy Bounty flow,
“ Of all the blessings which thine Hands bestow,

“ This is not the least, that I’ve been taught to know
“ And fear that God from whom all Blessings flow.
“ With Parents blest beneath whose pious Sway,
“ And kind Tuition, I have learnt the Way
“ Which leads to Joys divine ; Delight supreme
“ Enjoy’d by none but those who love Thy Name !
“ O ne’er permit my Heart from Thee to rove ;
“ My God ! my chiefest Good ! or misimprove
“ The Blessings thine indulgent Hand hath given ;
“ My Peace on Earth, my Prospect fair of Heaven !

“ To all Thy Dealings be my Breast resign’d ;
“ Too wise to err, too good to act unkind.
“ Issues of Life and Death are in Thy Hand,
“ Subservient both to Thy divine Command ;
“ Each Scene alternate shews Thy Power and Love ;
“ The Faith and Patience of Thy Sons they prove.
“ Macphelah’s Field in pensive gloom array’d,
“ The wide spread Oak, and the low Cypress-shade,
“ Enwrap the Tomb, whose Charge my Soul reveres,
“ The gentle Guardian of my tender years.
“ There rests secure the venerable Dust,
“ Until the Resurrection of the Just.
“ But tho’ Corruption seize her mortal Frame,
“ Her Soul, transported with seraphic Flame,

“ Advanc’d to see Thy mildly-smiling Face,
“ For ever rests in Thy divine Embrace,
“ Of perfect Love, and perfect Peace posselt;
“ Nor Guilt nor Sorrow grieve her spotless Breast:
“ No more her Frailty shall her Heart betray
“ To smile and doubt divine Veracity;
“ No more will she distrust her faithful God,
“ But all Thy Works and Ways eternally applaud.
“ Still does my Heart retain the grateful Thought,
“ By Precept, and Example early taught;
“ From her dear Lips what mild Instruction flow’d,
“ And taught my lisping Tongue to praise my God!
“ Sweet through my Soul did her Advice distil,
“ Whereby I learnt to know and do Thy Will.

“ Nor less Partaker of my Father’s Love,
“ Whose constant Care I to this Moment prove;
“ Since not the least important Act in Life
“ To choose a pious, prudent, pleasing Wife:
“ In this his Love, in this his Care I see;
“ His Counsel kind, and mild Authority.
“ Had I been left to my unguided Choice,
“ Quite deaf to Reasons and Religions Voice;
“ Beside the Promise I had blindly stray’d,
“ And brought a Curse upon my guilty Head.

“ But thou, my God ! wilt still my Course direct
“ Through each Vicissitude, and give Effect
“ To each kind Admonition of my Friends,
“ Fitted to answer the most generous Ends.

“ My Memory paints anew the pleasing Scene ;
“ Oft o'er these flow'ry Pastures gay and green
“ My reverend Sire my youthful Feet hath led ;
“ While sportive Lambkins play'd, and Fatlings fed :
“ Here he his Flocks survey'd, his God ador'd,
“ And sweet Instruction o'er my Bosom pour'd.
“ Isaac,” he said, ‘ How blest the youth who knows
‘ Our God, and the rich Blessings He bestows ;
‘ For Ages He our Dwelling Place has been,
‘ And His kind Hand in each Event been seen :
‘ And, all conducted by a Skill Divine,
‘ Omnipotence fulfill'd the grand Design.
‘ When I was call'd to leave, by His Command,
‘ My Fathers House, and seek an unknown Land,
‘ The Heavenly Mandate quash'd each carnal Plea ;
‘ While Faith, and Love inspir'd me on the Way.
‘ The glimm'ring Track though oft I scarcely trac'd,
‘ In my great Leader all my Trust was plac'd ;
‘ Who cheer'd me onward through my Pilgrims Roam,
‘ With brightning Views of an eternal Home.

‘ And to this Day in gracious Interviews;
‘ (By which my Faith revives, my Strength renews;
‘ While Joy and Peace like gentle Dew distil,
‘ And all my Soul with Consolation fill):
‘ His Cov’nant he renews, with Blessings fraught,
‘ Surpassing human Speech or human Thought.

‘ Thus happy is the Man our God approves,
‘ Who trusts His Promise, and his Precept loves:
‘ In peaceful Calm, each well spent Moment flies;
‘ While each returning Want his God supplies.

‘ AND if to earthly Good our Views descend,
‘ Here trace the Kindness of our kindest Friend.
‘ Rich are the Blessings of His Bounty pour’d,
‘ Throughout our Pastures, and upon our Board:
‘ All witness the Indulgence of His Hand,
‘ And all our warm Acknowledgments demand;
‘ Yes; the rich Nutriment of fertile Fields,
‘ Sweet Food which Earth almost spontaneous yields;
‘ And Health, and Increase of our Flocks and Kine
‘ Declare the Goodness of a Hand Divine.

‘ Nor thou, my Son! exempted from the Load
‘ Of grateful Obligations to thy God,
‘ See you the Flock, reclin’d beneath that Shade;
‘ Where yonder Oaken Grove their Verdure spread;

‘ Mark, Isaac ! Yon sequester’d Flock must claim
‘ Your grateful Musings while it owns your Name :
‘ Your’s is the Flock ; tho’ kept to you unknown ;
‘ Now with my Blessing claim it as your own :
‘ Ask you me whence the Gift, and how obtain’d ?
‘ I’ll tell you ; on the Day when you were wean’d,
‘ That Day of Joy, and high Festivity ;
‘ My Friends invited to rejoice with me ;”
‘ (Yes, the whole Day in decent Mirth was spent ;)
‘ Some kind Donation did each Guest present :
‘ And the kind Present whence arose yon Stock,
‘ Were two young Firstlings from my Milcah’s Flock.
‘ They’re all the Offspring of the favourite Pair
‘ Kind Milcah gave ; them all your Mother’s Care
‘ Nurs’d in her Tent ’till for the Field prepar’d ;
‘ They still were kept distinct among the Herd ;
‘ My Isaac’s Portion, sacred and intire ;
‘ The Donor’s Purpose, and express Desire.
‘ Sure the vast Increase o’er the Pasture spread,
‘ To where yon lofty Grove extends her Shade
‘ Proclaims aloud thy God most kindly good,
‘ And loudly claims your Love, and Gratitude.

‘ THE Darling thus you were of Providence,
‘ E’er you arrived at Reason, Speech, or Sense ;

‘ E’er Good you could prefer, of Ill beware,
‘ You were the Subject of Almighty Care,
‘ Does not your Breast with Wish most ardent glow,
‘ More this your God to love, and more to know?

‘ Nor these the only Blessings kept in Store;
‘ For Substance greater, and in Number more,
‘ The Cov’nant Blessings, of a Cov’nant God,
‘ Await each Step you tread along Life’s varying Road
‘ Nor are these Blessings given to divert
‘ Your Mind from God, or captivate your Heart:
‘ Your God alone supreme Affection claims,
‘ He the vast Fountain, they the distant Streams.
‘ Oh! not the least, of all His Gifts so kind,
‘ This goodly Land, our Heritage assign’d,
‘ Is not ours only, thus the Grant declares,
“ This Land I’ll give to thee, and to thy Heirs;
“ Thy numerous Seed who shall these Climes possess,
“ Greatly I’ll multiply, and richly bless:
“ Not all the sparkling Gems that gild the Night,
“ And pour through Midnight Gloom diffusive Light;
“ Fix’d in, or roving through the boundless Space,
“ In Number equal thy unnumberd Race,
“ I’ll be a God to thee, and to thy Seed,
“ In whom all Nations shall be blest indeed,

“ But that my great deliv’ring Pow’r be known,
“ And Grace peculiar to thine Offspring shown,
“ They shall be Sojourners in a Land not theirs ;
“ Beneath Afflictions groan four Hundred Years ;
“ Then shall my outstretch’d Arm, and mighty Hand,
“ Sore Judgments bring on that devoted Land:
“ Then I my Love, my Care, my Pow’r engage
“ To lead them to this goodly Heritage.”

‘ Thus doth our God our Habitation choose ;
‘ While vain their Efforts who His Pow’r oppose :
‘ Nor will His Promise fail ; but like His Love
‘ Unchanging, will inviolable prove.
‘ But, goodly Land, fair Flocks, and fruitful Field,
‘ How weak, how transient, all the Joys they yield,
‘ Compar’d with God, our Portion, and Defence,
‘ Our Hope, our Joy, our best Inheritance !
‘ May you His Cov’nant Mercy, Grace and Love,
‘ In all their richest Emanations prove ;
‘ Thence draw such rich, such plentiful Supplies,
‘ Such Joy, such Peace, as Earthly Charm denies.
‘ Nor can the Heav’n-born Soul its vast Desires
‘ With Earth suffice, but to its Source aspires ;
‘ Extraction high immortal Aims pursues,
‘ And only Scenes immortal terminate its Views !

‘ MAY you, without Reserve, each Pow’r resign,
‘ And trust the Guidance of a Hand divine;
‘ To His unerring Skill refer your Choice;
‘ Believe His Pow’r, and in His Love rejoice:
‘ Your Peace on Earth, your Joy in Heaven be this,
‘ To find in God alone incessant Bliss!’

“ THUS at blithe Morn, or tranquil Ev’ning clear,
“ While Nature charm’d the Eye, and list’ning Ear;
“ While each gay Flow’ret which our Path bestrow’d,
“ Proclaim’d the Love and Wisdom of our God;
“ While playful Flocks, and tuneful Birds conspir’d
“ To prompt our Praise, with glowing Zeal inspir’d:
“ Oft has my Sire, Improvement to invite,
“ Most sweetly mix’d Instruction with Delight,
“ While my attentive Pow’rs with Raptures hung,
“ On the sweet Admonitions of his Tongue,
“ Each Precept kind paternal Love endear’d;
“ And Pow’r divine impress’d each Truth I heard:
“ Thence soon I dis-esteem’d my Childish Toys,
“ And sought more lasting, more substantial Joys:
“ And when arrived to maturer Age,
“ Thence did my Love to Vanity assuage;
“ Each ripening Pow’r directed to aspire,
“ To God, my Portion, Trust, and chief Desire.

- “ THE solemn Scenes my Memory still retains ;
“ (Nor would forget them long as Life remains) ;
“ When, with my Father in Devotion join'd,
“ I markt the glowing Fervor of his Mind ;
“ O with what Ardor his Petitions rise ;
“ Like the sweet Savour of the Sacrifice !
“ Thence have I learnt (through God's enlightning Grace),
“ How to approach my Heavenly Father's Face ;
“ Thence seen the Need of a superior Blood,
“ To recommend my Services to God.
“ Not Beastly Blood, nor human Sanctity,
“ Can answer Crimes, or Conscience purify ;
“ There needs for my Transgressions to atone
“ A Sacrifice, superior to mine own.
“ Tho' dim the Lines, by which the End I trac'd ;
“ And faintly drawn, they ne'er have been eras'd ;
“ No long left destitute of some Displays
“ Of Love mysterious, and redeeming Grace
“ More clearly shown, as when the rising Day
“ Breaks through the Gloom, and drives the Mist away,

“ BUT ne'er my Mind such deep Impression bore,
“ Ne'er have I seen, ne'er felt such Scenes before ;
“ As when Jehovah gave the dread Command,
“ Abraham ! go, get thee to Moriah's Land ;

‘ And thither take thy Son, thine only Son ;
‘ Thine Isaac which thine Heart so dotes upon :
‘ Thy Isaac a Burnt-offering I demand,
‘ And the dread Deed perform’d by thine own Hand ;
‘ Determin’d thy delib’rate Steps pursue,
‘ To the far distant Mountain I shall shew.’
“ What Time that much remember’d Morn display’d
“ Her early Dawn, my Father rose, and said,”
‘ Isaac, my Son, my well-belov’d, arise !
‘ Our God commands a distant Sacrifice ;
‘ ’Tis ours the Heav’nly Mandate to obey,
‘ And tow’rd Moriah’s Land direct our Way.’
“ The Words he spake with such an awful grace ;
“ Such reverend Seriousness cloathed all his Face ;
“ I judg’d some deep Concern his Mind oppress’d ;
“ Some strong Emotion labour’d in his Breast ;
“ (But the Cause knew not, till that wondrous Hour
“ When Love divine display’d deliv’ring Pwo’r).

“ Thus onward set, our Journey we pursu’d ;
“ With Beast, with Servants, and devoted Wood.
“ Much was my Soul, as we sojourn’d along,
“ Struck with the Converse of my Father’s Tongue :
“ Tho’ from all vain Discourse ’twas always free,
“ Now it express’d unusual Gravity.

" Nor from him could my anxious Looks refrain ;
 " Such deep solemnity dwelt in his Mien ;
 " Yet, amidst all, his reverend Aspect wore
 " Such Fondness as I ne'er had markt before :
 " Anon I saw, prest by the heaving sigh,
 " The Tear drop down from his much-soften'd Eye,
 " And with the tenderest look he prest my Hand,"

ISAAC, says he, ' think not the Lord's Command
 ' Severe, because our Faith and Love He tries,
 ' Thus far to call us forth to sacrifice ;
 ' With due Submission to His Heav'nly Will
 ' Let us his wonderful Commands fulfil.
 ' We are the Lord's, He our corporeal Frame,
 ' Shaped from the Dust, to glorify His Name ;
 ' The Spirit also which that Frame informs,
 ' Its Members actuates, its Vitals warms,
 ' Declares, (while bright its Author's Glories shine,)
 ' An Origin, and Property Divine.
 ' Protection, Preservation, and Supply,
 ' The rightful Claim still further ratify,
 ' Each gives her Verdict, and corroborates
 The Fact, tho' carnal Reas'ning oft debates.
 ' But Faith, and Love still urge a stronger Plea ;
 ' Know no Excuse, admit of no Delay,

- ‘ His Will to execute : Religion cries,
- ‘ I am the Lord’s by more than earthly Ties ;
- ‘ Redeem’d by Him, I’m His, in Life, and Death ;
- ‘ And to his Praise I’ll spend my latest Breath.
- ‘ Oft hast thou heard how in thine early Days,
- ‘ Thou was’t the Lord’s, devoted to His Praise ;
- ‘ And dedicated to the Lord thy God,
- ‘ Didst seal the Cov’nant with thine Infant Blood.
- ‘ And oft the solemn Deed hast thou confirm’d,
- ‘ Since Grace has thy Determination form’d,
- ‘ To God, thy Portion, thy delib’rate Choice
- ‘ By Reason’s, and Religion’s sacred Voice ;
- ‘ Still in the voluntary Act resign
- ‘ All that thou hast and art, as Property divine.

- ‘ AND since our God hath call’d us forth to prove
- ‘ Our firm Affiance, and our fervent Love,
- ‘ Reluctance foil not in the Enterprize ;
- ‘ Superior to each carnal Reas’ning rise ;
- ‘ And with an holy Zeal, and pure Intent,
- ‘ A Freewill-offerin g to our God present.’

- “ O’ER Hill, o’er Dale, broad Plain, or darksome Grove,
- “ My Sire did every varying Scene improve ;
- “ With pious Intimations on the Way,
- “ ’Till we attain’d the Third, th’ important Day ;

“ Then, with an Aspect mild and holy Smile,
“ Said to the young Men,” ‘ Stay ye here a While,
‘ While I, and Isaac to yon Mount repair,
‘ And join in serious Devotion there ;
‘ Nor with Impatience our long Absence mourn,
‘ Our God’s Command obey’d we shall return,
‘ But all the Interval in Prayer employ,
‘ ’Till we return and share your holy Joy.’

“ WHILE Memory thus the solemn Scene pursues,
“ Deep in my Soul what Feelings it renews !
“ The solemn Sequel which I ruminate
“ Recoils upon my Mind with awful Weight.
“ Up the high Mountain as I bore the Load,
“ The sacrificial Knife and destin’d Wood,
“ Foreboding Thoughts my anxious Heart possess,
“ And more than usual Weight my Mind oppress.
“ Deep wond’ring what the Appearances could mean ;
“ Or what, or whence the Victim to be slain !
“ Then I gain’d courage to my Sire to speak,
“ And sad Inquiry reverently make ;”
‘ Dear Father wilt thou now thy Isaac tell,
‘ (Nor longer from thy Son the Cause conceal,)
‘ Why the Materials for the sacred Flame
‘ But for the Off’ring no devoted Lamb ?

“ Whereto my Sire replied,” ‘ Be not distrest,
‘ Let not Despair invade thine anxious Breast;
‘ Our God, our only Help and certain Guide,
‘ Without our Care will for Himself provide :
‘ Nor doth He our perplexing Cares demand,
‘ But bids us wait the Work of His right Hand ;
‘ Free from dishonouring Doubt and sad Dismay
‘ Then trust unwavering, and with Joy obey.’

“ But when we on the awful Summit rose,
“ And the Hour came the Mandate to disclose,
“ Scarce had we well attain’d the Eminence
“ Where the deep tragic Scene should soon commence,
“ His Trembling could no more my Sight evade,
“ His wonted Firmness quite withdrew its Aid;
“ Now agonizing Passions agitate ;
“ Scarcely his tottering Frame sustains his Weight ;
“ So strong the Heav’nly and the Earthly Love,
“ In all the Saint, and all the Father, strove :
“ Passions unknown his inmost Spirit feels,
“ While thus the solemn Secret he reveals.
‘ Isaac my Son ! thy calm Attention give ;
‘ The awful Tidings undisturb’d receive :
‘ The arduous Task without Delay devolves
‘ On us, and only waits our firm Resolves ;

- ' Nought less than an Authority Divine
- ' Could to my Hands the solemn Act assign ;
- ' Nought but Celestial Strength, Immortal Love,
- ' Thus could inspire me, and effectual prove.

- ' No longer hold thee, then, in sad Suspense,
- ' Now the important Business must commence.'
- " Isaac thy Son, (thus spake the High Decree),
- " Thine only Son, must the Burnt-off'ring be."
- ' Then let no Pow'r recoil, no Thought misgive,
- ' Our God by whom we act, in whom we live,
- ' Equal in Wisdom, Pow'r, and Truth, and Love,
- ' This Charge impos'd, our Faith and Zeal to prove,
- ' His Grace He'll ne'er withhold, or Love abate,
- ' His Mercy fail, or Promise violate.
- ' Let ev'ry Fear subside ; to His Command
- ' Submit, and wait Deliv'rance from His Hand.'
- " Thus spake my Sire, now calm and all resign'd
- " Submissive to the Task by Heaven injoin'd ;
- " At length my God taught me too to Submit
- " To all his Sov'reign Wisdom saw most fit.
- " And now (my yielding Limbs with Bandage prest),
- " I for the Knife prepar'd my passive Breast ;
- " His outstretch'd Hand the dreadful Weapon took,
- " When lo ! a Voice the solemn silence broke ;

" A gracious Voice, propitious in its Sound,
 " (Of Love divine the Riches still abound!)
 " Proclaim'd a great Deliv'rance timely wrought,
 " And with superior Blessings richly fraught:
 " Including all the Mercies e'er bestow'd,
 " Or to be given by a kind Cov'nant God."
 ' Behold yon Ram, with Thicker Boughs entwin'd,
 ' Thy Son, thy Isaac's Substitute design'd.
 ' Now is thy Faith, and thine Obedience tried,
 ' And my unfailing Promise verified.
 ' The promis'd Seed remains; the Grace secure
 ' To everlasting Ages shall endure !'

" Now how my Soul, with Love and Wonder rais'd,
 " His Grace, His great deliv'ring Mercy prais'd;
 " Ador'd His Wisdom, Faithfulness, and Love,
 " And all His glorious Virtues did approve!
 " Ne'er my enraptur'd Soul such Joys possess;
 " Such warm Affections ne'er inspir'd my Breast!

" FULL often had I with attentive Eyes,
 " Beheld before the bleeding Sacrifice;
 " And while the vital Blood hath forth been pour'd;
 " The great transcendent Antitype ador'd;
 " My Saviour's Grace had seen, and felt appli'd,
 " His precious Blood, and his forgiving Love enjoy'd:

" But never yet had seen so clear display'd
" His Love, or of His Sacrifice my Need.
" Still may I, O my God! retain these Views,
" Nor e'er Thy reconciled Goodness lose;
" May e'er such Love, such Zeal inspire my Breast,
" To do Thy Will, and on Thy Promise rest.
" Nor ever carnal Joys, or carnal Care
" My Mind embarrass, or my Heart ensnare!
" Let never more Distrust my Bosom pain,
" Or Sin's polluting Pow'r my Conscience stain.

" AND now, my God! wilt Thou my Mind dispose
" To seek to Thee, my future Lot to choose?
" May no Self-will or sensual Object sway
" My Heart, Thy Heavenly Will to disobey!
" O! let not Earthly Good my Heart enthrall,
" Since I have chosen Thee my All, in All!
" Wilt Thou my Heart's each wand'ring Motion guide,
" And o'er each vagrant Passion Sole preside?
" Be every Choice, be ev'ry Wish of mine
" Absorb'd and center'd in the Will Divine.

" My past Experience of Thy Care and Love,
" My Confidence confirms, my Doubts reprove;
" Beneath Thy Smiles my Soul finds sweet Repose;
" Oh then the Secrets of Thy Love disclose!

" My Saviour's cloudless Glories I would trace,
 " Salvation free, and rich, forgiving Grace.
 " Nor shall I ever find Thy Love remove,
 " Or long Privation of Thy Presence prove,
 " Unless my Heart some Earthly good prefer,
 " Or entertain some darling Rival there :
 " Then will my God His wonted Smiles withdraw ;
 " While all the Terrors of His broken Law
 " Accost my trembling Soul in dread Array ;
 " Compunction, keen Remorse, and sad Dismay
 " My Spirit rend ; till Thou Thy Love reveal,
 " And pard'ning Grace my wounded Spirit heal.
 " From Thee, my God ! O never let me stray,
 " Nor Folly draw my thoughtless Heart away ;
 " Nor Unbelief within my Breast intrude,
 " Self-Confidence, or base Ingratitude !
 " On may I press with Diligence and Care,
 " With Self-suspicion, Watchfulness, and Prayer :
 " Each Step dependant on a Power Divine,
 " Till Grace my ev'ry Faculty refine ;
 " Then will my God, my joyful Soul remove,
 " To Scenes of perfect Peace, and perfect Love.

" But while on Earth my destin'd Course I run,
 " May I each Act of Independance shun ;

“ From no self-pleasing Prospect form my Choice,
“ But listen to Thy all-directing Voice,
“ Which loudly speaks in Thy kind Providence;
“ Wherein Thou wilt each needful Good dispense.
“ And since Thou ne’er our favour’d Line hast left,
“ Nor of Thy kindly Care our Race bereft;
“ Since I, the meanest of that Race, have found
“ These forty years Thy tenderest Love abound;
“ Interested in Thy Wisdom, Love, and Pow’r
“ From Infancy up to this present Hour;
“ Thou, my Protection, Succour, and Defence;
“ Blessings of Grace, and Gifts of Providence,
“ Still wilt bestow, nor shall I ever find
“ A Cov’nant God, unfaithful, or unkind.

“ How placid now looks yon descending Sun!
“ Unwearied he his daily Course hath run;
“ Nor now seeks Rest; but urges on His Way
“ In distant Climes to kindle up the Day.
“ Thus all Thy Creatures to Thy Sov’ran Will
“ Obedient, Thy Divine Commands fulfil.
“ Shall Man alone be backward to obey
“ More favour’d and less diligent than they?
“ Thy Creatures all, which are subservient made
“ To Man, his Sloth and Indolence upbraid.

“ But, O my God! forbid that I abuse
“ By wayward Passion, or supinely lose
“ The Gifts and Blessings Thy kind Hand hath giv’n,
“ Including every Good of Earth and Heav’n!

“ AND now, O Lord! may I presume to ask
“ Thy Will concerning the important Task
“ My Father to his Servant hath assign’d,
“ Which shows what tender Care engag’d his Mind;
“ What pious Motives his dear Soul impress,
“ Thy Cause and Glory, and my Happiness.

“ O Thou great Author of the nuptial Tie,
“ I on Thy Wisdom and Thy Love rely:
“ Sure is Thy Promise, nor should I direct
“ What Way Thou to Thy Word shalt give Effect.
“ But, Thou who on the awful Mount appear’d,
“ And with deliv’ring Love Thy Servant spar’d!
“ Give me to plead that on that Solemn Day,
“ Thou didst in kindest Terms thy Love display;
“ How did thy Goodness in thy Promise shine;”
“ My Grace I’ll not to Abraham confine;
“ Its Blessings rich shall on thy Seed descend,
“ And to far distant Ages shall extend,
“ Their Number too I’ll greatly multiply;
“ Not all the Stars which gild the azure Sky,

- ' Nor Sands that form the Sea's extensive Bounds
- ' More num'rous than thy Offspring shall be found.'

" AND oft my Father to excite my Love,
" And my slow Pow'rs to willing Duty move;
" My backward Mind to quicken and inspire,
" With Diligence in Action and Desire,
" Recites the Favours Thou on me bestow'd,
" What Obligations to my God I ow'd;
" How in the Declarations of Thy Grace,
" 'Thou did'st admit my worthless Name a Place;
" As the intended Instrument to raise
" A Race to serve Thee, and exalt Thy Praise.

" NOR can I doubt that my dear Father's Mind,
" Was by Thy Guidance to this Act inclin'd:
" But be Thy Heav'nly Pleasure what it may,
" What Thou command'st unarguing I obey;
" Nor one opposing Wish shall heave my Breast,
" Persuaded what my God appoints is best.

" YONDER, methinks, I see the honest Swain;
" See, an increas'd Retinue swells his Train!
" See Females too, the fair Increase compose;
" Nor absent She, whom my kind God hath chose,

“ Intended by Thy Providence to share,
“ Each Hope and Joy, each Sorrow and each Care.
“ Do Thou, dear Lord! who only rul’st the Heart,
“ Conjugal Tempers to each Mind impart;
“ Our chiefest Care, our only Strife be this,
“ Thy Glory to promote, and crown each other’s Bliss,

“ AND e’er Eve’s fast advancing Shades intrude,
“ And from my Sight the pleasing Scene preclude,
“ I’ll hasten on with joyful Step to meet,
“ The blessed Train, and each Attendant greet.”

AND thus the virtuous Isaac onward prest,
And first the grave Domestic he address’d;
“ Thrice welcome, trusty Swain! to Canaan’s Ground,
“ Blest be thy God who hath thy Journey crown’d
“ With rich Success! But now to Isaac tell
“ Each Incident which on the way befel:”
He the whole Scene without reserve declar’d,
Nor the minutest Information spar’d;
Inform’d him how by Faith and Prayer he found
His God, who his most sanguine Wishes crown’d
Ascribing to His all-directing Grace,
Rebecca’s, and her Kindred’s Willingness.
Isaac with praise his Heart felt Joys express’d,
And thus the fair Rebecca he address’d;

“ HAIL, lovely Maid ! you blest of Abraham's God,
“ By whose Direction you this Path have trod ;
“ Conducted by whose kind unerring Hand,
“ Safe you've arriv'd on Canaan's favour'd Land :
“ But why, sweet Maid ! thy love'y Face conceal'd ?
“ Why from you Isaac are your Beauties veil'd ?
“ Tho' ev'ry Charm the general Form may grace,
“ 'Tis in th' expressive Language of the Face,
“ There, in emphatic Characters display'd,
“ Each tender Wish and fond Desire we read.”

‘ Yes, generous Youth,’ the candid Maid replied,
‘ The Reason that, why I my Face did hide ;
‘ But I on more mature Reflection find,
‘ It is our God who rightly frames the Mind ;
‘ By His Appointment I am hither brought ;
‘ By His Appointment by my Isaac fought ;
‘ May His blest Will my future Conduct guide,
‘ Nor more my Face or Heart from Isaac hide.’

“ Nor shall,” the Youth return'd, “ Rebecca find,
“ Her Isaac inattentive or unkind ;
“ But your best Interest, Peace, and Happiness,
“ Shall, next my God, my chief Concern possess !
“ Yes, dearest Partner of my Grief and Joy !
“ Thus may we each our tenderest Thoughts employ ;

“ As through each interchanging Scene we move,
“ Each interchanging Scene may we improve,
“ To the Promotion of His Glory, who
“ All needful earthly Blessings will bestow.
“ Nor can we doubt our Heav’nly Father’s Love,
“ Whose Agency doth ev’ry Motion move ;
“ Whose Skill divine, whose boundless Goodness too,
“ (For none but God such Love and Skill could show ;)
“ My Sire dispos’d our favour’d Stock to choose,
“ And all the Canaanitish Maids refuse ;
“ Our Servant through his Journey did direct,
“ And to his honest Message give Effect :
“ When at the Well, with Faith and fervent Prayer,
“ His Breast inspir’d, and brought Rebecca there.
“ None but our God whose Love and Mercy shines,
“ In all His Acts, could thus dispose our Minds ;
“ None but our God could in each Bosom move
“ Affection pure, firm Faith, and mutual Love.”

‘ Such,’ she rejoin’d, ‘ are your Rebecca’s Views,
‘ And such the Arguments my Friends did use ;
‘ Who saw through all the Scene His gracious Hand,
‘ The Message view’d as the Divine Command ;
‘ Then your Rebecca’s firm Resolve was form’d,
‘ And thence her Breast with pure Affection warm’d.

“ AND may my dear Rebecca ever find,
“ Such Views still brightning on her virtuous Mind;
“ Not only Providential Favors trace,
“ But in the rich Enjoyment of His Grace,
“ May with her Isaac every Blessing Share,
“ Tending to make us wise and happy here;
“ And well prepare for greater Joys above,
“ To dwell in perfect Peace and perfect Love.”

THUS in sweet Converse they the Ev'ning spent,
Till safe arriv'd at Mamre's blissful Tent.

THE HARP ON THE WILLOW:

A

P O E M.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN, YEA,
WE WEPT, WE HUNG OUR HARPS UPON THE
WILLOWS IN THE MIDST THEREOF.
PSALM CXXXVII. 1, 2.

THE HARP ON THE WILLOW

POEM

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARP ON THE WILLOW"
AND "THE HARP ON THE WILLOW"
AND "THE HARP ON THE WILLOW"

THE HARP ON THE WILLOW:

A

POEM.

DEEP in the unfrequented Dale; remote
From Earth's Delights, I found the plaintive Note :
Nor more invoke the gay, the comic Muse ;
Her once lov'd Charms their ev'ry Beauty lose.
Nor would I seek the vile and clam'rous Scenes,
Wherein unhallowed Mirth and Folly reigns :
Where vain infatuated Mortals raise
The Laugh ludicrous, and in fordid Lays
Expose their Folly ; while with fond Applause,
Th' enraptur'd Circle hail the baneful Cause.
Surpassing Charms the gloomy Scenes possess ;
Here would I vent my Grievs, my deep Distress ;
Here I'd indulge my melancholy Theme,
To the harsh Murmurs of the struggling Stream
Which down yon Cliffs impetuously descends,
And far and wide the angry Foam extends.
But the rough Stream here finds a softer Bed, |
Smoothly beneath the bending Willows led ;

G

In calmer Mood she seeks the briny Wave,
Whose ample Source her first Existence gave.
Thus may my ruff'd Passions all subside,
And in a softer Flow my Sorrows glide !

NOR Tigris swell'd by Ninevitic Tears,
To their sad Moan more mournful Echo bears ;
Nor sader Notes great Nilus Stream imbibes,
When seen the Anguish of the bondag'd Tribes ;
Nor Euphrate more their captive State deplore,
While Hebrew Harps hang on her willow'd Shore :
My cheerful Lyre, to sprightly Notes oft strung,
Like Theirs neglected on the Willows hung ;
Whose pendant Plumes in pensive Pomp appear,
And drooping, drop the sympathetic Tear :
While Moss-grown Grotts, and dreary Caverns ring
With awful Echo to the Notes I sing.

NOR here the splendid Ruler of the Day
Transmits one cheering, one enliv'ning Ray ;
But fullen Shade, and rueful Scenes unite,
And crowd with solemn Sadness on my Sight.
Yet here I need not stand appall'd with Fear ;
No ghastly Form or grisly Spectre here ;
No injur'd Spirit with sad Groan complains ;
Nor guilty Ghost, but what my Breast contains.

MAY this deep Solitude auspicious prove,
And from my Breast each trifling Thought remove!
But more auspicious may the Light Divine
With Rays propitious o'er my Spirit shine!
Thence may I see, thence in sad Numbers sing,
The fatal Source whence all my Sorrows spring.

BUT how describe it? Where the Tale begin,
And trace Afflictions awful Origin?
Miltonic Genius, in heroic Strain,
Must fail to frame fit Numbers to explain,
Or fully to define the Cause malign;
The dreadful Nature and Result of Sin.
Not all the various Scenes that Sorrow tells,
Nor all that Philosophic Skill reveals;
Nor all attain'd by scientific Art,
Can its full Knowledge to the Mind impart.
But its Existence (sings my mournful Muse),
To find she need not far extend her Views;
This wretched Breast whence this sad Music flows,
Its sad Effects and certain Being knows.

NOT all the dreary Forms this Scene can shew,
Can give of Sin one Soul abasing View;
Not even Sinai's dread terrific Forms,
When Whirlwinds usher'd in the fulphurous Storms,

When dreadful Thunders Earth and Heav'n did shake,
And God's high favor'd Servant fear and quake;
All fail'd to penetrate the carnal Heart,
Or one Soul-humbling Sight of Sin impart:
Yes; Nature, Art, and Erudition fails
Alone can Grace omnipotent prevail.

FROM baleful Scenes, and feeble Verse, in vain
I seek Relief from Sorrow, Grief, and Pain;
Created Objects may the Fancy move,
But Pow'r Divine can, sole, effectual prove;
Alone can Sin-subduing Pow'r impart,
And, by Afflictions, teach the human Heart.

MY Saviour's teachful Spirit I'd implore,
Nor trust my native Strength or Wisdom more;
Nor Arm of Flesh, nor carnal Beauty prove
The Object of my Faith, my Trust, my Love.

AND Thou blest Man of Sorrows! whose dear Breast
With Grief was once acquainted and oppress'd;
Who, when our sinless Frailties thou dost wear,
And our Infirmities with Meekness bear,
Tho' no inherent Stain, or conscious Guilt,
Produc'd the Pain thy sacred Bosom felt,

Yet Thou with Patience bore the pond'rous Load,
The Anger of a Sin-avenging God;
The bitter Cup thou did'st entirely drain,
And the full Weight of Wrath Divine sustain.

AND wilt Thou lead me to Gethsemane?
There would I mourn and agonize with Thee.
Full well that Garden Thy Disciples knew,
And thither with Thee they resorted too;
May I, too, know, and thither oft repair,
And hold Communion with Thy Suff'rings there:
Then touch with trembling Hand the plaintive String-
And Sin and Sorrow undivided sing!

HAD I but Gabriel's Harp, or Gabriel's Tongue,]
Like him I'd sing with Notes sublimely strong;
Yea, more expressive should my Numbers be,
Since I could sing, "All this was borne for me."
Say, thou blest Spirit! who with ready Flight,
Obey'd the Order of that dreadful Night;
"Go! down to Cedron's gloomy Shore descend,
"And there thine agonizing Lord attend;
"From my bright Throne sufficient Strength convey,
"His Soul support my Purpose to obey."

Blest Seraph say, what Paradise then felt ;
What Wonder what most strange Amazement dwelt
In all th' angelic Race, whose Legions stood,
With Wings expanded, to console their God ;
And wait the heav'nly Mandate to descend
With hasty Flight, their suff'ring Lord t' attend.
But all those shining Legions wait in vain :
Strength, only just sufficient to sustain
The Shafts of Vengeance on His Spirit spent,
Was by one solitary Cherub sent.

AND was Thy Soul with fore Amazement fill'd,
While Angels with Astonishment beheld?
Thy Sorrow, Grief, and Pain, exceeding great,
Prest from Thy sacred Pores the sanguine Sweat ;
And with strong Cries (while Grief-wrung Tears distil),
Thou pray'dst submissive to Thy Father's Will.
Three Times, (my feeble Fellow-Worms give Ear !
The Saviour pray'd, and pray'd the self same Prayer.
If ever Sin appear'd in native Hue,
In its just Pourtrait drawn to human View,
This Scene begun in sad Gethsemane,
And consummated on dread Calvary ;—
This Scene ! my Soul, the Picture true portrays ;
And most expressive Features full displays.

OF Sin hence form we the true Estimate,
Cause of God's Wrath, and Object of His Hate;
See Wisdom, Love, Mercy and Truth appear,
Justice and Holiness, how dreadful here!

AND now, dear Saviour! let me follow Thee,
From Cedron's baleful Banks to Calvary;
Each intervening Scene of Suff'ring view,
And hear Thee say, "All this was done for you."
Nor far remote may I Thy Footsteps trace,
Nor shrink at Persecution or Disgrace;
Nor self-sufficient trust my native Pow'r,
Left I desert Thee in the trying Hour!

AND do Thy Friends their Confidence remove,
And shew how frail their Faith, their Zeal and Love?
Desert their Lord when threat'ning Dangers near,
And only One in thy Thy Defence appear?
And he, alas! on native Strength rely'd,
And soon Thy Person, Name, and Cause deny'd.
Nor that the basest Act of Treachery;
But deep premeditated Perfidy,
With all the Marks of Cruelty impress,
Dwells in Iscariot's vile, ungrateful Breast:
Nor dormant long in the infernal Cell
Did the impious Resolution dwell;

For soon the murd'rous Band was onward led,
With the base Traitor Judas at their Head.
But murderous Bands, and murd'rous Weapons, prove
More merciful than vile Iscariot's Love;
Who, false beneath fair Friendship's specious Veil,
Could a malicious, murd'rous Heart conceal;
With Signs of purest Love his Lord address'd,
While hellish Rancor reign'd within his Breast.
But stop, my Soul! and seriously reflect;
Thy Zeal, and thy Sincerity suspect;
Censure but ill becomes thy treach'rous Heart,
Which oft has acted the vile Traitor's Part;
Rather the complex Crime with Horror view—
Judas the much frequented Garden knew;
Oft with the rest did there his Lord attend,
With all the fair Professions of a Friend:
And when he did adorn the sacred Feast,
There Judas sat, a most distinguish'd Guest.—
More—he a Place of Confidence enjoy'd,
And in important Service was employ'd.

OFT I've resorted where my Lord resorts,
And trac'd his Footsteps in his earthly Courts;
The sacred Emblems of his dying love,
Oft have I seen, and often wish'd to prove

The Import of the Myst'ry divine,
And to appropriate the Blessing mine.
But O how transient the reviving Views!
How soon my Thoughts the sweet Sensations lose!
How soon does Sin and Unbelief prevail,
And violently my weak Faith assail.
Soon does my treach'rous Breast thy Cause desert,
I fear I only act the Traitor's Part.
Whence Lord can I true Confidence derive?
Whence my frail Faith such Obstacles survive?
O help me, Lord! to fix my Hopes on Thee,
Thy ceaseless Love, Thy Grace divinely free;
On a well order'd Cov'nant, firm and sure,
On Faithfulness which ever will endure:
By pard'ning Blood my Conscience purifi'd,
Can sing, "For me a Saviour liv'd and dy'd."

BUT let the Muse resume her mournful Lay,
And to her Theme minute Attention pay.
No sooner did the false Disciple mark
The holy Victim with Design so dark,
Than to the high Priest's Palace he was led,
While His frail Friends forsook their Lord and fled.
Can Tears escape the sympathetic Eye?
Oh can the Heart believe and Cheek be dry?

Ye who for tragic Scenes such Fondness shew,
 With Tears this mournful Exhibition view.
 Does Barnwell's Cruelty excite your Hate?
 Drop you a Tear o'er Rosamond's hard Fate?
 Or do you Cato's Fortitude admire,
 His Valour, and true patriotic Fire?
 But shall the Muse pollute her sacred Strain,
 To find Comparisons so vile, so vain?
 No human Story can with 'This compare;
 No human Strength such Weight of woes could bear;
 The tragic Muse ne'er struck a Note so deep,
 Ne'er did such sanguine Tears her Vot'ries weep
 As this dread Scene demands; wherein we see
 The greatest Patience, Love, and Sanctity
 Bearing all Insult, Pain, and vile Abuse,
 That Earth could act, or hellish Art infuse:
 See his blest Person, Name, and Truth profan'd,
 And with the falsest Accusations stain'd.

BEHOLD the meek, the lowly Jesus stand,
 Grossly insulted by the Roman Band,
 And more malicious Jews, in Council join'd,
 In hellish League against the Lord combin'd:
 Beneath the Shew of sacerdotal Zeal,
 Their Rancor, Pride, and Cunning they conceal.

AND now (for once), the diabolic Art
 Defective seems, and straightened to impart
 Sufficient Instigation, Craft, and Pow'r:
 Tho' this their dreadful, dark, permissive Hour,
 Here Satan's best concerted Schemes are foil'd,
 And all his hellish Machinations spoil'd.
 Ne'er was infernal Cunning so misled,
 While his own Weapons crush'd the Monster's Head.
 But see him still his spiteful Aims pursue,
 And his infernal Object keep in View;
 Justice itself a Witness false defames,
 While the High-Priest exclaims, "How he blasphemes!"

AH, wretched Scribes! and thou, besotted Priest!
 'Tis no Blasphemer here which now thou see'st;
 But God's co-equal, co-eternal Son,
 By whom such mighty Wonders have been done;
 That Proofs self evident would soon arise,
 Had not judicial Blindness seal'd your Eyes.
 Ye might have seen His Deity clear shown,
 And His eternal Pow'r and Godhead known;
 But Pride, and Unbelief, the Truth conceals,
 And wilful Obstinacy still prevails,

Now see what Malice, Spite, and Cruelty,
 Mean Artifice, and vile Hypocrisy,

In the base Hearts of Priests and Elders dwelt,
And mark'd the Treatment the Redeemer felt.
Such perfect Strangers they to Sympathy,
Or common Feelings of Humanity,
The Sinless to condemn did not suffice;
So highly did their Rancor curst arise,
They treat th' Afflicted, Helpless, and Forlorn,
With all the Marks of Cruelty and Scorn.

And now, behold! the baleful Morn appears,
Cloath'd with a gloomy Red, and bathed in Tears!
The Blood deep-mingling with the lurid Gloom,
Foretells the awful, the tremendous Doom,
Predestin'd to befall the Source of Light,
Extinguish'd soon in preternat'ural Night.
Yet this did not alarm the harden'd Crew,
Who still their hellish, dark Designs, pursue;
The black Cabal, the horrid Plot resume,
Determin'd on the holy Saviour's Doom.

But shall I for a While the Task forbear?
I pause to drop the sympathetic Tear.
Nor now the Sadness of the Theme pursue,
But strive to take a Soul-refreshing View.
Yes; I would claim an Int'rest in this Love,
And all the rich resulting Blessings prove:

While in this Vale unnumber'd Foes surround,
Hence find Support, and hence maintain my Ground;
While Dangers thick the thorny Path beset,
The deep laid Snares my Thoughts too oft forget;
But Wisdom, Courage, Strength, I hence derive,
And hence declining Faith and Love revive.

ONCE more my Theme demands my feeble Strain,
Her Task th' unequal Muse attempts again.
As sung before, Night's Shades were now withdrawn,
And slowly on approach'd the lurid Dawn;
With strange unusual Horror overprest,
She drags reluctant from the sadd'ning East.
Not now as when sweet gladd'ning Smiles she wears,
And with enliv'ning Rays all Nature cheers;
Yet this will not their ruthless Rage abate,
Still they urge on the holy Victim's Fate.

Now to the Roman Bar the Savior's led;
False Accusations load His guiltless Head;
His sacred Limbs with cruel Bonds are prest,
And more than human Shackles load his Breast.

AND can my Song admit so foul a Strain,
Or Language find sufficient to explain,

And fully, in detested Terms, to tell,
 What vile Deceit in Jewish Bosoms dwell?
 To outward Forms precise, squeamish they stood,
 With hands intentionally bath'd in Blood.
 Not in the Blood to Public Justice due
 Do they their wicked, murd'rous Hands imbrue;
 But Blood to human Laws ne'er forfeited,
 Blood the most innocent that e'er was shed,
 More faint-like Shew not Earth, nor Hell could forge,
 While at a Gnat they strain, they an huge Camel gorge.

And must the Muse once more her Theme desert,
 And pause awhile, to scan the human Heart?
 But in thy Warmth censorious Terms forbear,
 Nor be thy Exclamations too severe;
 That vile Deceit their wicked Hearts possess,
 Is resident in ev'ry human Breast;
 Each Page divine the awful Truth declares,
 And long Experience the same Truth avers;
 The Heart's Deceit none fully e'er conceives,
 Nor any but the Heav'n-taught Soul believes:
 Each lively Mark of Rectitude eras'd,
 And far beneath the sordid Brute debas'd.

“ But stop,” (the decent Moralist loud cries),

“ Much Worth the human Spirit dignifies,

- “ What noble Pow’rs does every Soul possess,
“ The noblest Marks of the divine Impress !
“ Man the first Rank in the Creation claims,
“ Each noblest Principle his Breast inflames:
“ With universal Love his Bosom glows,
“ And Charity which no Restriction knows :
“ That noble Transcript of the heav’nly Mind,
“ Reason, is his, exalted and refin’d.
“ Nor Virtue less her noble Pow’rs expands,
“ In the pure Heart, true Lips, and useful Hands.
“ Nature at large full Excellence retains,
“ And Beauty through the whole Creation reigns,
“ By which the Deity is fully known;
“ His Wisdom, Pow’r, and Goodness clearly shown :
“ Thence may the Soul, unclog’d with Sense, arise,
“ And hold familiar Converse with the Skies ;
“ Unerring Reason o’er each Aim preside,
“ And strictest Virtue all the Actions guide.
“ Here’s Dignity ! true Excellence is this :
“ Hence present Peace, and hence our future Bliss.
“ Pure and unspotted, many an human Breast,
“ (No Guile pollutes, no guilty Fears molest);
“ Knows no Depravity you so explode,
“ Or Deviation from the Ways of God ;
“ Feels no direct Propensity to Ill,
“ Or Inability to do His Will :

56 THE HARP ON THE WILLOW:

" Full Freedom in the Will, the Good to choose,
" And equally the Evil to refuse.
" I grant Example often warps the Mind,
" And Vice committed oft will Habits bind ;
" But this proves not what you so loud assert,
" The vile Complexion of the human Heart ;
" 'Tis like white Paper fitted to imbibe,
" What Lines the Agent chooses to inscribe."

ALAS, deluded Mortal ! is thy Mind
So proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and blind ?
Not less thy Obstinacy, to repel
The flagrant Proofs divine Records reveal ;
Blinded by Self-conceit, thy Self unknown,
Pride won't permit thee one Effect to own :
Nor couldst thou wish a plainer Proof to find
Than this, of thy deprav'd, degenerate Mind.

COULD I so long digress, I'd clearly shew
'Thy Impotence, and thy Pollution too,
From Scripture, Reason, and Experience prove,
How Men the Good reject, and Evil love ;
And by th' infernal Powers Captives made,
In Chains are, at the Will of Satan, led.

BUT wouldst thou with me to my Theme return,
With me the controverted Subject mourn ;

With me implore Instruction from on high;
With me confess and mourn our Pravity;
With me in the dear Saviour's suff'rings view,
What dreadful Penalty on Sin was due;
Jehovah's Law in all its Glory see,
Its vast Extent and spotless Purity;
Then would'st thou the contested Point forego,
And, willing, to the Saviour's Sceptre bow.

THIS, blessed Lord! this Thy Prediction was,
When thou wast lifted on the dreadful Cross,
Then would'st Thou, by its sov'reign Virtue, draw
All who their Want and Thy rich Fulness saw.

O COULD I now do Justice to my Theme,
And paint Thy Sorrows in their full Extreme;
View Thee from Scene to Scene of Suff'ring led,
While Thou didst Tears of Pain and Pity shed!
Lo! for Thy Murderers Fate Thy Bowels yearn'd,
They for themselves entirely unconcern'd:
Their Pow'rs to Sensibility quite dead;
Each gen'rous Motion from their Bosoms fled;
The Cruelty which dwelt in Pilate's Breast,
Was merciful to what their Hearts possess;
"Scourge him, and let him go," the Ruler cries,
While nought but Blood will their fell Thirst suffice.

AND now invet'rate Enemies unite,
 And join in Cruelty, Contempt, and Spite.
 Behold them, (all his kingly Pow'r defy'd),
 Their Sov'reign with mock Majesty deride !
 Sceptre and Crown His Head and Hands adorn,
 Prepar'd by matchless Cruelty and Scorn ;
 Vile in the Composition and the Use,
 Not form'd for Honor, but for mean Abuse.
 Such Modes of Insolence we'er ne'r devis'd,
 Nor ever Patience so much exercis'd.
 Each Office held in rageful Ridicule,
 Prophetic, Priestly, and majestic Rule,
 (My Muse ! the horrid Imprecation share), [dear!"
 " His Blood be on us," they exclaim, " and on our Children

CAN sov'reign Grace the dreadful Wish invert,
 And, as inverted, to their Souls impart ?
 The Efficacy of that Blood to feel,
 The Guilt of which they awfully entail ?

YES, Love divine on that important Day,
 Did such fair Forms, such lovely Beams display ;
 Convincing Pow'r the sacred Sounds attend,
 Hard Hearts dissolve, and stubborn Sinews bend ;
 With those who lately cry'd out " Crucify,"
 " What shall we do ?" was then the important Cry.

AND is my Lord with Scorn and Anguish crown'd,
While Blood fast gushes from each painful Wound ?
With larger Flow his sacred Temples bleed,
When smitten with the hard, the cany Reed.
And now led forth, laden with Pain and Scorn,
The pond'rous Cross by His weak Body born,
Nature beneath the weighty Pressure bends,
And a Cyrenian his Assistance lends :
Nor was this Mercy in His barb'rous Foes,
They fear'd the murd'rous Scene too soon would close ;
They meant it not His Torture to assuage,
But to extend their diabolic Rage.
O that Love, Wonder, Sorrow, could unite,
And fit Emotions in my Breast excite,
By Grace inform'd, by heav'nly Love inspir'd,
And in my Saviour's Cause divinely fir'd !
But long the labouring Muse has vainly strove,
With faltering Tongue to sing this matchless Love ;
Time is too short, and mortal Pow'rs too frail,
Fit Notes to raise, and equal strains to swell ;
While vast Eternity shall Hymns renew
Still will the ceaseless Theme be ever new !

TRUE, we have lately with the Patriarch trod
With solemn Step, advancing on the Road ;

Feebly we strove to paint his anxious Mind,
Which God's Command and Nature's Dictates bind;
With Duties differing in th' Extreme opprest,
Long time the clashing Dictates rend his Breast,
Which feeble Reason fails to harmonize :
At length we saw his Faith superior rise;
Tho' still the Man, and all the Father still;
He yields with Dese'rance to the sov'reign Will.
But the deep Scene Moriah's Mount pourtrays
Shews little to what Calvary displays ;
Nor in the least can equal Likeness bear,
Its Disproportion great, beyond Compare,
Did Abraham combat Reason, Flesh, and Sense ?
With Nature too, the dreadful War commence ?
See the great Saviour of the World engage
With Earth and Hell,—with all their Pow'r and Rage.
Nor Nature less with sinless Weakness preft
While sore Amazement seiz'd His trembling Breast :
Nought can compare with what His Spirit felt,
From Wrath divine inflam'd by human Guilt ;
“ Awake, O Sword, (stern Justice thus exprest),
“ And sheath thee in the Surety's yielding Breast.”

If when the Muse Moriah's Mountain trac'd,
Her feeble Pow'rs the Subject far debas'd ;

Here she is so unequal to her Theme,
She must each further Effort quite disclaim :
Then let her from her injur'd Theme desist,
Love, Grief, and Admiration ! muse the Rest.

AND must each faithful Follow'r of the Lamb,
Subscribe to Sorrow his inferior Name ?
Must Tribulation mark his destin'd Road ;
And must he tread the Path his suff'ring Savior trod ?
Yes, O my Soul ! 'tis the divine Decree,
" Each Heir of Sin must Heir of Suff'ring be."
Not Earth more pronely to her Centre tends ;
Not with more Certainty the Spark ascends ;
Not Streams with stronger Bias seek the Deep,
As Man grows up to sorrow, sigh, and weep :
No Creature half so wretched and forlorn,
As Man, in Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born.

WELL ! though my Lot be Sorrow, Grief and Pain,
Far be it that I of my God complain,
Or charge with Folly His well order'd Plan,
Form'd for his Glory and the Good of Man ;
Dispute his Dispensation, or arraign
His righteous Dealings, as unjust or vain !
Meekly I'd rather mourn my abject State
Than arrogantly claim a better Fate.

Nor would I charge my first Original,
With all the sad Disasters of the Fall;
I have the wretched Stock of Sin improv'd,
The Act condemn'd, but the Example lov'd.
And shall my Heart retain the baneful Ill,
Confess, disclaim, and yet indulge it still?
And still so base, so disingenuous prove,
To pour Contempt upon my Saviour's Love?
That baneful Ill indulge which caus'd his Smart;
With Lip condemn, yet cherish it in Heart?
O Heav'n forbid, nor Earth a Witness be,
To such Deceit and vile Hypocrisy!

AND are my light Afflictions worth the Name,
When I survey my Saviour's Grief and Shame?
Can I the Memory of my Ills retain?
When I reflect on His excessive Pain?
But while I my own due Proportion bear,
The Tokens of my Father's Love and Care,
He will admit Affliction's feeble Groan,
Nor will reject the feeble Sinner's Moan,
While the fell Cause the Subject too of Grief,
And more from Sin than Pain I seek Relief.

PERHAPS some Fellow-Trav'ler on the Road,
Who long Afflictions thorny Path has trod,

May from condoling Sympathy here find,
 Some sweet Relief to ease his anxious Mind;
 And with more Meekness learn from hence to bear,
 What of the common Lot falls to his Share,
 And in the Furnace glorify His God,
 Whose Love and Skill appoints the chast'ning Rod.
 Nor less may I, while thus my pressing Grief
 From some rich Promise finds some kind Relief,
 Upon Thy stedfast Word of Promise rest,
 And think thy darkest Dispensations for the best!

BEFORE with frail Attempt I strove to sing
 The fatal Source whence all my Sorrows spring;
 And in my Saviour's Suff'rings strove to shew,
 What to thy Justice for each Sin was due:
 I now attempt to tell in mournful Tale,
 What Sorrows thick-beset this thorny Vale.
 And while thy Dispensations wise I trace,
 Vouchsafe thy teaching and supporting Grace!
 Let me in all thy Love thy Prudence see,
 While Faith, and Patience, and Humility,
 In liveliest Exercise, my Soul possess,
 And each repining, murmuring Thought suppress;
 Led forth to see Thy Dealings just and wise,
 While from my wilful Choice my Woes arise.

AND first I own my woeful Origin,
 Shap'd in Iniquity, and born in Sin;
 Nor barely passive long; quickly I rov'd
 Through baneful Paths, and my vile Nature prov'd.
 When Reason early dawn'd upon my Mind,
 I, to my Peace and my true Int'rest blind,
 No Beauty saw in the good Ways of God,
 But trod, with eager Steps, the downward Road,
 Not long e'er Sin its dire Effects produc'd,
 It soon its pestilential Pow'r defus'd;
 Thick o'er my Flesh its fearful Influence spread*,
 And on my tender Frame hard Pressure laid.
 Fierce the grim Tyrant urg'd his vengeful Plea,
 With dreadful Symptoms of Mortality,
 But on me was not then wreak'd all his Rage,
 Reserv'd in forer Conflicts to engage,
 For soon did Accident promote his Cause:
 The Wat'ry Element's voracious Jaws
 Ingulf'd me in the deep, the dang'rous Wave†,
 Nor Helper nigh my fleeting Life to save.
 Nor was this meant me to annihilate,
 Or put a Period to my mortal State:
 Kind Providence, divinely great and good,
 Appear'd and rais'd me from the baleful Flood

* I had the Small Pox when very young.

† I fell into deep Water.

BUT few sad Winters more pass'd o'er my Head,
E'er my fond Mother a pale Corps was laid;
Ah in my heedless, almost helpless Age,
She fell a Prey to the pale Tyrant's Rage!
Bereft of my Instructress and my Guide,
With Dangers thick beset on ev'ry side;
Launch'd in the dang'rous World, no Pilot near,
No Friend to give Direction how to steer.
But while in Tempests toss'd from Wave to Wave,
Unerring Wisdom strict Attention gave;
Each heedless, each prepost'rous Effort guides,
And o'er each inadvertent Plan presides.

Now more remote from Sin destructive Road,
Kind Providence soon fix'd my calm Abode*;
Beneath fair Piety's kind Influence,
My Savior fix'd my hopeful Residence;
Where Grace diffus'd its Influence all around,
And sweet Salvation spread her joyful Sound.
Nor long e'er these bless'd Means successful prov'd,
My Thoughts engag'd, my Prejudice remov'd;
Convincing Proofs prest on my mental Sight,
And thro' my Bosom spread diffusive Light.

• Taken into a very Pious Family.

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Now long'd my Soul to find her Rest in God,
And tread the peaceful Path His People trod;
She long'd, in His unchanging Love, to find,
Sure Anchor for the wav'ring restless Mind.
But soon alas! my Love wax'd cold and dead,
And from my Bosom the warm Passion fled;
Unfaithful to the Light I had receiv'd,
Unmov'd by all the Truths I had believ'd;
Ah, soon, alas! did my ungrateful Heart,
In vile Revolt my Saviour's Cause desert;
Lightly esteem the Rock of her Defence,
And back return, a willing Slave to Sense.
Unmov'd by Love, and unalarm'd by Fears,
Through a long Series of revolving Years,
Allegiance to my Sov'reign I deny'd,
His Love rejected, and His Pow'r defid;
With hostile Arm oppos'd His rightful Sway,
And pour'd Contempt on His Authority.

AND did my Saviour's Love with mine abate,
And leave me in this odious, wretched State?
No; still divine Compassions mark'd my Road,
Each wayward, each rebellious Step I trod;
And, while from Scene to Scene my Soul was tost,
In very Love oft my live Purpose crost;

'Till, mov'd by kind and gentle Chastisements,
At length my hard, my stubborn Heart relents;
I listen'd to Compassion's softest Voice,
And at the last resum'd my former Choice.
But can my Lord with open Arms receive,
A Wretch so vile and bid the Traitor live?
Must not His Lightnings blast my trembling Soul,
And o'er my Head his thund'ring Terrors roll?
Must not fell Vengeance light upon my Head?—
No; Love unchanging! Stronger Love than Death!
High as the Heav'ns; broad as the spacious Earth;
Deep as Sin's Depths, and Love that will endure
When both the Heav'n and Earth shall be no more!
This matchless Love can mighty Wonders do;
Can wound and heal, reclaim and pardon too,
With sweet Compunction draw the willing Mind,
The Balm apply, nor leave a Sting behind.

BUT O my God! forbid I should become,
Self-confident, or on thy Thy Love presume,
While destitute of Love supreme to Thee,
Nor from the reigning Pow'r of Sin set free!
O grant that Faith which purifies the Heart,
And doth a Sin-subduing Pow'r impart;
Which overcomes the World, and works by Love,
And ev'ry Pow'r to holy Action move;

Informs the Soul that ev'ry Sin's forgiven,
And fixes all her Love, and Joy, in Heav'n!

BUT to return, the tragic Scenes I'd trace,
And of Affliction mark the sad Process;
Altho' my God in tend'rest Terms convey'd,
A Gleam of Hope, and thro' my Bosom shed
That Love which had my wand'ring Feet recall'd,
And Faith foresaw my future Steps upheld:
And tho' my Lord did Justice satisfy,
And pay for Sin the dreadful Penalty;
Yet still 'tis needful my vile, treach'rous Heart,
Should in Affliction bear a painful Part.
So close attach'd to Earth, to Flesh, and Sense,
Nought but Afflictions Rod can drive me thence;
Nought else imbitter, purge, and mortify,
The baneful Cause of all my Misery—
Nought seems so well adapted to remove
My Heart from Earth, and raise it up above.

Not only Personal, but Relative
Afflictions from my God I did receive.
The tender Partner of my Grief and Care,
Destin'd Afflictions grievous Rod to bear;
Oft as her valu'd Life precarious stood,
Precarious hung my All of earthly Good;

But her my God to me did still restore,
Still adding to His many Mercies, more.
My num'rous Offspring too oft shar'd the Fate,
Which all the sin-born Sons of Men await;
While 'mong my Race the restless Tyrant steers,
His Rage he wreak'd on One of helpless Years *;
With weak infantile Pow'rs his Force engag'd,
Nor ought but Conquest his fell Thirst asswag'd.
Tho' mean the Mark, long did the Struggle last,
Days, Weeks, and Months, in sad Succession past;
Full eighteen Times the silver Orb of Night
Exchang'd her waxing and her waning Light,
While the relentless Pow'r of fell Disease
Upon his weak, his tender Vitals preys.
The strictest Observation mark'd each Stage,
And closely trac'd the Tyrant's restless Rage;
While at the Close of each revolving Day,
With quiv'ring Lips he said, or (seem'd to say),
" My Spirit waits to waft her rapt'rous Flight,
" To Realms of Bliss and everlasting Light;
" Whilst thou, fond Parent ! must with Grief convey,
" My mortal Frame unto my Parent-Clay."
Thus painful Expectations rend our Peace,
Our Hopes decline, our growing Fears increase.

* An Infant of betwixt two and three Years of age after a Decline of more than eighteen months.

But not the painful Expectations made,
 Nor all attentive Observations paid,
 Could break the Shock, or Nature's Tears repel,
 When he to cruel Death a Victim fell !

NOR this deep Scene conclude my mournful Song,
 But growing Grievs the sadd'ning Notes prolong.
 Disease invetrate * my frail Frame invades,
 And veils my brightest Views with black'ning Shades.
 With secret, subtle Influ'ence undermines
 My Ease, my Health; each Comfort now declines !
 Nought could divert the Tyrant's fix'd Intent;
 From ev'ry earthly Solace I was rent. †
 Torn from that Breast which I too fondly prize,
 That Breast too much the Centre of my Joys;
 While my dear Infants' artless Moans impress,
 With painful Feelings grieve my anxious Breast.

O COULD I say, " Not that my greatest Grief,
 " Nor of my many Sorrows these the chief;
 " The sad Privation of Connexions dear,
 " Natural and civil, that must seem severe;
 " But this Privation chiefly I would mourn,—
 " From Bonds of Gospel Union I was torn :

* Supposed to be incurable.

† Carried into an Hospital.

“ O most afflictive, O most sad Remove,
“ From the glad Tidings of redeeming Love !”
Not only torn from all that’s near and dear,
But fix’d where the most doleful Scenes appear :
To Death’s distressful Chambers was convey’d,
Where Horror all her dismal Forms display’d.
Here mangled Limbs, there maciated Frames ;
There a malignant Fever’s Heat inflames.
There Ravings hear of a delirious Brain ;
Here see the Stone’s excruciating Pain ;
Corroding Cancers fast the Vitals gnaw ;
And Gouts distorting Pains the Muscles draw ;
See th’ amputating Knives acuteft Smart ;
The Dropsies clog the palpitating Heart ;
Mortifications restless Rancor spread ;
And Pestilence uplift her baneful Head :
Diseases rage with all their Pow’r malign,
Till the pale Tyrant shuts the dreadful Scene.

HAPPY if Death the doleful Scene did close,
And Pain exchange for Peace and calm Repose !
But O my Soul still shudders to renew
The dread Research, and the dark Scene review.
If e’er Death most his ghastly Forms display’d,
Or e’er his Terrors most my Soul dismay’d,

'Twas in those dreary Mansions, where I saw,
 With undiverted Aim, the Tyrant draw
 His vengeful Shaft, till, terrible to tell!
 Beneath its deadly Stroke the Victims fell.

AND dare the Muse decide the sad Process?
 That Spirit's awful Destination guess,
 To God and to His Holy Ways estrang'd?
 Time short, Means absent, mental Pow'rs derang'd;
 All crow'd as dreadful Omens, and portend,
 A wretched, sad, unsafe, destructive End.

BUT shall the Verse forget the Hand divine,
 And dull Complaint fill ev'ry joyless Line?
 From Sense my Muse unclog the grov'ling Wing;
 Deliv'ring Love, and sparing Pity sing.
 While rueful Scenes surrounded my Abode,
 The kind Attention of a gracious God
 Preserv'd me, did all helpful Means afford,
 And soon domestic Happiness restor'd:
 Tho' Cure deny'd, yet His kind Hand restrains
 Afflictions Rage, and mitigates my Pains.

BUT O how transient all terrestrial Joys!
 How vain the Hope our anxious Pow'rs employs!

The pleasing Prospect my fond Heart reviews,
 To earthly Bliss my fondest Claim renews ;
 But soon, alas ! the airy Phantom flies,
 A Veil is drawn o'er all my bright'ning Joys ;
 Soon all the blissful Prospect disappears,
 And Sickness dire * her meagre Head uprears
 That Breast which late beat high with new-born Joys
 Excessive Palpitation now employs ;
 Those mental Pow'rs late with new Vigor crown'd
 Are now in Weakness and Disorder found :
 How chang'd those Views which did my Friends console !
 In Views of Death they now my State condole.
 But while my frail, my feeble Life suspends
 In doubtful Poise, my God superintends
 The struggling Strife 'twixt Nature and Disease,
 And Love divine deliv'ring Pow'r displays.
 Long was my weak and almost nerveless Frame
 Scarce able to maintain Life's quiv'ring Flame ;
 Yet God did Health in His own Time restore,
 Adding, to Blessings numberless, One more,
 But scarce had Nature quite superior rose,
 Ere new Afflictions did dread Scenes disclose :
 Claimant-Connexions, † rous'd by my Distress,
 Found too well-grounded Fears their Minds oppress.

* Seiz'd with a violent Fever in a few Days after returning from the Hospital.

† Creditors.

What direful Views now prest my trembling Eyes!
Successive Scenes in frightful Forms arise.
Disgrace, and Poverty, and threat'ning Laws,
A num'rous Offspring, and my Saviour's Cause,
All crowd in sad Succession my Sight,
While my frail Frame could scarce sustain the Weight—
But here my God's deliv'ring Love appears,
And proves His Mercies greater than my Fears.

AND still this Mercy in abundance flows;
Still ev'ry needful Good my God bestows:
Tho' yet beneath Afflictions Rod I groan,
Yet still is His supporting Pow'r made known.

O COULD I hence my Sonship certain prove;
My Int'rest see in His paternal Love;
See all things work together for my good,
If led the pleasing, or the painful Road!

Now must the Muse with mournful Cadence close,
And fable Scenes still on her Views impose?
Can no reviving Gleam of Love divine
The Glooms disperse, and o'er the Poem shine?
Can no sweet Declarations of this Love,
My gladd'ning Tongue to cheerful Accents move?

Tho' long Thy bondag'd Tribes were sore oppress'd,
 Yet didst Thou bring them to Thy promis'd Rest.
 Tho' long the Babylonish Yoke was born;
 Yet unto Zion they with Joy return.
 And later Saints most justly have defin'd,
 Affliction, (while to its mild Yoke resign'd;) *In*
 In Date a Moment, and in Pressure light,
 Compar'd with Glory's more exceeding Weight:
 Yea more, the Matter of their Triumph 'twas;
Gloried they have, in Trouble, and the Cross;
 And trac'd in just Gradation the blest Scope;
 Patience, Experience; and Experience Hope,
 And Hope that will not make ashamed, but prove
 Its sure Foundation in the Savior's Love;
 Which Love will an undaunted Pow'r impart,
 When shed abroad in the Believers Heart.

Thus have Thy Saints with Faith and Patience trod
 Afflictions Path, and triumph'd in the Road;
 In each afflictive, each distressing Hour
 Have found deliv'ring Love, or strength'ning Pow'r.

SHALL I with ceaseless Moan then wail my Fate?
 In fullen Sadness sink beneath its Weight?
 Shall Fear, Distrust, or Carnal Reasoning prove
 Me destitute of Faith, and Hope, and Love?

LORD ! of Thy Love transmit a frequent Ray,
And to my Soul Thy cheering Grace display !
With Faith and Patience may I bear thy Rod,
And seek my Consolations in my God ;
Feel Thy supporting Pow'r, and hear Thee say,
“ Thy Strength shall be proportion'd to thy Day !”

AND should the Muse again her Flight renew,
May more delightful Scenes engage her View !
If Verse again her feeble Pow'rs employ,
Be Love divine her Theme, and matchless Joy :
Unclog'd from Earth, may she expand her Wing,
And sov'reign Grace and boundless Mercy sing !

BENEVOLENCE:

A

P O E M.

AND FOR THE GOODWILL OF HIM THAT DWELT IN THE BUSH.

DUET. XXXlii. 16.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE. HEB. xlii. 1.

RENEVOI ENCE

M. O. P. M.

AND THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF THE TOWN
LET THE TOWN BE THE TOWN

BENEVOLENCE:

FROM threatening Death, and Scenes of darkest Hues,
The Muse revives, and brighter Prospects views:
The Harp, erst hanging tuneless in the Vale,
Where Willows weep and prompt the plaintive Tale,
And Streams, in mournful Murmurs as they flow,
Confirm the sadd'ning Scene of Grief and Woe:
The Harp I'd now resume; and strike a Note
Expressive of the Wonders Love hath wrought!
From the blest Source of all that's kind and good,
Have my Supports and my Deliv'rance flow'd,
While the blest Instruments * are led to prove
The sweet Influence of celestial Love
Thus would I sing, prest with a grateful Sense
Of human and divine Benevolence.

* I beg my worthy Benefactors, into whose Hands this Piece may fall, will accept it as a public and grateful Acknowledgement of the favours I have received from their bountiful Hands,

BENEVOLENCE ! thou Heav'n-descending Guest,
 O come ; dilate, expand, inspire my Breast .
 With thy pure Sentiments my Soul inflame,
 Be my Dictatrix, and my copious Theme ;
 By thee enlarg'd from this World's narrow Nook,
 Full o'er thy vast extensive Scenes to look ;
 Led forth by thee 'yond Life's contracted Shore,
 Those Prospects I would ken no mortal Eyes explore.
 Nor can Creation thine Extraction trace,
 Uncircumscrib'd thou art by Time or Space :
 By gross material Substance unconfin'd,
 Abiding pure in the eternal Mind.
 Thine Emanations may each Pow'r imbibe !
 Each Motion to thy gen'rous Rules subscribe :
 While thy free Spirit all my Soul bedews ;
 And through my Breast thy genial Warmth diffuse !

If Ought of Excellence, in Heav'n or Earth,
 Exist, 'tis thou that gav'st its ample Birth.
 If Ought can real Happiness dispense,
 It flows from thy grand Fount, BENEVOLENCE !
 What an unbounded Source, extensive Field
 Of Excellence doth thy grand Subject yield !
 Yet still the rustic Muse, with conscious Pain,
 Feels how inadequate her noblest Strain :

How weak her strongest Efforts to display,
With equal Warmth, and equal Energy,
Thy Beauty and thy Excellence proclaim,
Or fully to declare thy Worth and Fame!

NOR would the Muse employ her feeble Breath;
Of vain Applause to twine the sordid Wreath;
Nor, cringing, drop on sycophantic Knee;
Nor stuff the Page with fulsome Flattery;
Nor to Conceit indulge the Cynic Sneer;
Nor o'er insulted Merit domineer.
Nor would repine that Nature has denied
Satyric Talents, or satyric Pride;
Rather rejoice she fix'd my humble Sphere,
Remote from Erudition's pompous Glare;
Where rustic Manners and where rural Scenes
Have form'd my Genius and inspire my Strains:
Impel'd by Solitude's attractive Pow'r,
There oft to spend the pensive, pleasing Hour;
In the deep Dale embosom'd in the Shade,
Where, while my Eyes the solemn Scenes pervade,
The melancholy Strains I oft indulge,
And to the silent Shades my Grievs divulge.

OR, when the Eminence excites my Lays,
And brighter Scenes unto my View conveys;

While Nature's pleasing Charms are wide display'd,
There in rude Notes I touch the rustic Reed;
There oft my troubled Breast has found Relief,
And felt a pleasing Respite from my Grief:
Have been compel'd to raise the cheerful Strain,
And for a while forgot my Grief and Pain.

BUT, whether Hill, or Dale, or darksome Grove,
The Scene compose, and tuneful Pow'rs improve;
Or purling Rill, or Rivers larger Flow;
The lofty Villa, or the Cottage low;
Or verdant Meads adorn'd with fragrant Flowers;
The russet Heath, or the sweet sylvan Bow'rs;
Or waving Fields thick-set with rip'ning Corn;
Or where the rustic Hands the Fields have shorn;
Or the glad Eye the rising Morn behold,
The spangl'd Dew, and Clouds of fleecy Gold;
Or sultry Noon invite the Woodland Side;
Or Mountain-Summit range at Even-Tide—
Which e'er of these the pleasing Roam prolong,
Attune the Soul and elevate the Song,
A secret Pleasure o'er the Bosom steals,
And all my Soul a sweet Sensation feels;
The Power exalted, the enliven'd Sense
Declare the Gifts of pure BENEVOLENCE!

Calm *Peace* and *Order* all the Soul compose,
Till heav'nly Rapture thro' the Bosom flows ;
Enchantments sweet thro' all her Pow'rs diffuse,
And gently fall the pure, poetic Dews ;
Fancy her all-creative Art displays,
Her justest, brightest Images conveys ;
While *Nature* spreads her gay attractive Charms,
And glowing *Passion* all the Bosom warms ;
Fiction at a becoming Distance stands,
And waits *Discretion's* moderate Commands :
Reason and *Judgment* lawless Flights restrain,
And bright *Devotion* closes the delightful Train.

SAY, ye superior Bards, who more have felt
While in your Breast the pleasing Anguish dwelt ;
Whose nobler Pow'rs and more exalted Strains
Proved scarcely full to tell your pleasing Pains,
Of the sweet Burden your prest Bosom bore
Much could you tell ; but oh you felt far more !
The sweet Sensation and the rapturous Glow
Ye long'd for each congenial Breast to know ;
Each intellectual Power to feel the same,
And spread the bright, the strong, the poetic Flame ;
Wish'd each glad Heart to grasp the full Extent,
And breathe around the joyous Sentiment.

NOR does *Poetic Pow'r* alone dispense
The genuine Spirit of BENEVOLENCE;
Fair *Friendship* lays her rightful Claim, and proves
What generous Passion in the Bosom moves.
The purest Aim each various Motion sways;
Nor sordid Interest, nor airy Praise,
Impels the lively Action, Word, or Thought,
Where genuine FRIENDSHIP in the Soul is wrought:
Witness the anxious Look, the Sigh sincere,
Expression kind and sympathetic Tear,
Which marks the Conduct of the feeling Mind;
Nor less in Action than Expression kind.
And if rich *Affluence* shed her Favors round,
And bounteous Heav'n hath the Friend's Wishes crown'd,
He sees the Gifts by Providence bestow'd
As sent but to promote the general Good;
To be returned in Acts of Kindness shown,
And makes the Poor's Distresses all his own.
Nor waits an Application for Relief:
The Tents of modest Want and silent Grief
He seeks, with deep Concern, and anxious Cares,
And with kind Hand the Heav'n-lent Portion bears;
And for Relief so great, so timely giv'n,
Directs their Thanks to all indulgent Heav'n.

NOR with the Rich alone the friendly Breast :
There are who entertain the sacred Guest
Whose Bosoms with kind *Sympathy* are fraught,
And who, by Woes and sad Experience taught,
Are able to advise, direct, relieve,
And to the Mind Support and Comfort give :
Their *mental* Treasures freely *they* dispense,
In Friendship pure, and true Benevolence.

NOR can benign Benevolence exclude
Her favorite Ally, fair GRATITUDE! .
Nor the Alliance dormant, cold, or dead.
But in her social Train she's always led :
Ne'er does she in the human Breast preside,
But Gratitude sits smiling by her Side.

If e'er the Muse Propriety could boast
In Choice of Subjects that concerns her most,
'Tis when fair Gratitude inspires the Lay,
And calls each cheerful Power to obey.
But how inadequate my feeble Strain,
To sing the joyful Grief and pleasing Pain
Which the full-burden'd, grateful Bosoms feel !
'Tis more than my frail, falt'ring Tongue can tell.

BUT should the callous Churl with Wonder ask,
“ Why such a painful, such a pleasing Task ?
“ A Paradox so dark I can’t explain;
“ A Contradiction so absurd and vain ;”
Know, wretched Mortal ! the most painful Part
Is greater Bliss than e’er possessest thy Heart ;
Nor can the arduous Task on thee devolve,
Nor able thou the Paradox to solve.
But, ask the Breast where Sympathy resides,
Where Sensibility each Motion guides ;—
Thence learn, as far as Language can reveal,
What pure, disinterested Bosoms feel :
A Pleasure greater far than Int’rest forms,
Flows in the Soul, and all the Spirit warms ;—
Thence learn what Motives sway the gen’rous Mind,
Which feels unmeasur’d Obligations bind :
Learn the pure Principles from whence they flow,
Their Influence feel, their Efficacy know ;
A more than philosophic Fitness see
Divine, harmonious Suitability.

THIS, and much more, contributes to her Joys ;
While the glad Soul her grateful Pow’rs employs,
Not like to this the Worldling’s sordid Guest,
When, to his useless Heap of glitt’ring Dust,

The Curse of Increase to his Wish is giv'n;
The only Bliss he knows in Earth or Heav'n.

“ If this the Bliss the grateful Soul enjoys,
“ Then from what Cause can painful Feelings rise?”

THE Griefs that in the grateful Breast reside,
Do not proceed from Discontent or Pride :
Envy or Independance form no Part
Of Pain, that dwells within the thankful Heart :
It mourns not, Providence has wisely set
His Sphere dependant on the Good and Great ;
His Exigence demanding kind Relief,
Excites his Gratitude, but not his Grief.
But hence Pain rises in the grateful Mind ;
Vast, unrequitted Obligations bind ;
It wails Ingratitude, and grieves to see
His Merit small, and great Debility.
His too contracted Views increase his Moans ;
He under Weight of vast Indulgence groans ;
And pants to stretch each Pow'r, each Sense enlarge,
The Debt immense, unbounded to discharge.

BUT while confin'd to frail, to feeble Man,
I scarcely reach the Confines of my Plan ;

A Thousand Inadvertencies debase
His purest Plans, his noblest Acts deface;
A Thousand Frailties thwart his best Design;
His most extended View too much confine.
As the scant Foliage of the creeping Thorn,
Prone in Position, abject and forlorn;
With Danger pluck'd, unpluck'd no Gain it yields,
The Nuisance of the Gardens, Groves, and Fields;
Compard with yon fair Tree, whose Leaf and Bloom
Delights the Eye, and gives the Vale Perfume;
The Summer Suns the thick-set Fruit disclose,
And mellowing Autumn loads the bending Boughs:
Such, and much greater, is the Difference
'Twixt *Human* and *Divine* Benevolence:
The Fount divine, exhaustless, unimpair'd,
Ages have Seraphs sung, and Seraphs shar'd;
Yet still the Stream with copious Fullness flows,
Knows no Decrease, no Termination knows!

If e'er the Muse may boast her of her Theme,
And meaner Subjects with Contempt disclaim,
Sure when divine Benevolence inspires
The Song, and the enraptur'd Bosom fires,
Then must each animated Pow'r display
Her strongest Efforts and her liveliest Lay.

The Song is not to Heav'nly Choirs confin'd;
To Earth's Probationers a Part's assign'd:
While they the Triumphs of their Conquests sing,
And Palms of Victory to their Leader bring.
And tho' the Scene of Action still remains,
And oft the Enemy Advantage gains,
Yet by the Pow'r and Promise of our King,
We keep the Field, and certain Vict'ry sing.

BUT here the Muse unwarily hath stray'd,
And from her Subject Deviation made;
Scarce she restrains her wild, ungovern'd Flight,
So strong to err, so weak to soar aright:
Unerring Wisdom! guide her vagrant Wing;
Teach her with proper Reverence to sing
The Source which doth each real Good dispense,
Unchanging, unconfin'd BENEVOLENCE.

BUT the great Subject, the unbounded Theme,
Demands a bolder Muse, a brighter Flame;
While wild Ideas superficial float,
Where shall I fix my frail, my feeble Note?
I would not strive to grasp beyond my Reach;
Nor my contracted Pow'rs unduely stretch;
Nor wish to ken with a Miltonic Eye,
And into antemundane Secrets pry:

Enough to walk where Revelation clear,
 Forbids the inquiring Pilgrim rude to err;
 Enough to sing whence Nature first arose,
 And all her glowing Beauties to disclose.
 Order, Utility, Magnificence,
 Aloud proclaim divine Benevolence!
 Behold, obsequious to her Mandate, rise
 The spacious Earth, and the more spacious Skies;
 She mark'd the Climes from Pole to distant Pole,
 Bid vast Orbs revolve, and changing Seasons roll:
 Did through the Concrete fertile Pow'rs diffuse,
 Whence Nature teems, and paints her various Hues;
 And pow'r's of Instinct more predominant,
 From the rude Mole up to the Elephant.

BUT lo! Creation's Lord erect appears,
 And his Creator's glorious Likeness bears;
 With lifted Eye he views the lofty Skies,
 As destin'd to his Origin to rise;
 Nor prone his Pow'rs, but pure Intelligence
 Informs his Soul with true Benevolence:
 His Spirit free, unbias'd, unconfin'd,
 And every perfect Grace adorns his Mind.
 More than blind Instinct forms his nobler Choice,
 Directed by unfully'd Reason's Voice;

Benevolence then in the Abstract sway'd;
Its purest Dictates all his Soul obey'd;
Unmixt his Joys with Grief, Remorse, or Shame,
While pure Affection fann'd the hallow'd Flame.

THE Muse was wont to sing of Fields and Groves,
Of flow'ry Meads, of Shepherds, Flocks and Loves,
Of crystal Streams, and of green fragrant Bow'rs;
Where Nymphs and Swains have spent their blissful Hours;
Their fleecy Charge secure from ev'ry Harm,
And smiling Nature boasting every Charm;
Each Object strives the Scene to beautify,
And paint true pastoral Felicity.
Fain would I now improve the pleasing Strains,
Transferring them to Eden's blissful Plains.

IF Health and Ease, pure Love and chaste Desire,
Can charm the Soul, and true Delight inspire,
In Eden's blissful Bow'rs the happy Pair,
Did the full Import of these Blessings share:
Where Love met Love without Deceit or Guile,
Nor one vile Thought could lurk beneath the Smile
Each Breast glow'd with unmix'd Benevolence,
And knew the peaceful Sweets of Innocence.
Their conscious Pow'rs were Happiness and Love,
Nor ought their Conscience e'er could disapprove.

No intervening Ills their Peace destroy,
Nor one sad Scene did e'er their Bliss annoy.
Their Converse, free from Sadness, Fears, or Cares,
Their God approves, and intimately shares.

THUS were they with true Happiness possess'd,
Till Sin invaded all the peaceful Breast;
And, woeful Change, beyond Description sad!
Defac'd Creation late so glorious made.
All Nature now a dreadful Curse sustains,
Nor longer perfect Peace and Order reigns.

BUT does the dreadful Curse with Rigour fall,
And for immediate Execution call?
No; sov'reign Grace and Mercy interferes,
And rich, divine Benevolence appears;
With Love unask'd, with Mercy unimplor'd,
The Maker's Son the fatal Loss restor'd;
The Execution is deferr'd to prove
Man's Duty and his sov'reign Father's Love.
His Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Truth displays,
Each its own Glories, and demands our Praise.
Tho' still the sad Effect of Sin remains,
And Nature still the awful Curse retains;
Yet even now an Excellence appears,
Which the divine Original declares;

So much of Nature's Beauties yet abide,
As raise our Love, and ah! call forth our Pride.
Does Nature, then, retain such Excellence,
And still display divine BENEVOLENCE,
How should our grateful Tongues resound His Praise,
And humble Love inspire our sacred Lays.

YES, Nature still his ceaseless Bounty shares;
In each delightful Scene His Love appears:
His are the Cattle on a thousand Hills,
'Tis He our Hearts with Food and Gladness fills;
He opens the soft Bosom of the Spring,
And makes the little Hills rejoice and sing;
The Husbandman confirms the joyous Tale,
While golden Corn thick spreads the fertile Vale.
Nor is confin'd His Bounty to the Fields
Luxuriant Meads spontaneous Herbage yields,
Where browse the lowing Herbs; while nibbling Sheep
Pick scantier Verdure from the Mountain Steep;
Or o'er the Forest Lawns profusely spread,
The num'rous Flocks, by tinkling Cadence led;
Or 'twixt the Thickets crow'd, or where the Broom
With deepest Verdure mixes yellow Bloom;
Or in the distant Dale promiscuous laid,
When sultry Noon invites to Oaken Shade;

While on the shrubby Eminence reclin'd,
The watchful Swain, with Pipe and peaceful Mind,
Like the fair Season tranquil and serene,
Enjoys the Sweets of the pastoral Scene,
The Beauties which each pleasing Scene compose,
All the fair Charms these beauteous Views disclose;
All with a vast Variety immense,
Richly display divine BENEVOLENCE!
Who can amidst such boundless Beauties rove,
And not perceive his warm Affections move?

MAY these Thy Favours, Great Indulgent Sire!
Excite my Love, my grateful Songs inspire!
But let not the Delights which gild the Way,
Cause an excessive Fondness or Delay;
Nor from the Road divert my heedless Feet,
Quite captivated by the Charms I meet.
I'd press along the consecrated Road,
Until I reach the City of my God:
And not so prostitute the pleasing Views,
As of my Father's House the Sight to lose;
And, all-enamoured with terrestrial Good,
Neglect that more substantial heavenly Food
On which my Soul subsists, with which my God
Supports each weary Trav'ler on the Road,

If Roses round my Path breathes sweet Perfume,
Still lurks the Thorn beneath the treach'rous Bloom;
While the gay Flow'rs my eager Grasp attract,
With Grief I mourn the inadvertent Act.
If smiling Providence my Wishes crown,
How soon the pleasing Draughts my Senses drown!
Sad is their Fate whom Scenes of earthly Bliss
Engross, and all their madden'd Soul possess.
The hardiest are not from Compunction clear;
Shame, Guilt, and Disappointment most severe
The Conscience lash, and wound the callous Heart,
'Till the repeated Act benumbs the Smart.
Nor sad their Fate alone; for those who know
The proper Estimate of Things below;
Who know their frail, their fluctuating state,
How false their Promises, how short their Date;
Too often find their heedless Feet enthrall'd,
Their Mind benighted and their Conscience gall'd.
Yet Earth may be enjoy'd, and sometimes is,
Without intruding on superior Bliss;
When the high-favour'd Soul is led to see
Her Maker's Gifts are all divinely free;
Knows how to fix to each its proper State
And makes all earthly Good subordinate;
With holy Rev'rence, and with sacred Love,
Sees what to choose, and what to disapprove!

Sees what her Maker's Glory will produce,
 And whats intended for her lawful Use.
 Then the submissive Soul, the Heaven-taught Mind,
 In earthly Good can heavenly Blessings find;
 Her humble Pray'r to know her Maker's Will,
 Her only Wish his Pleasure to fulfill.

THESE are thy Gifts, my God! these Blessings given,
 To those who Earth enjoy nor miss of Heav'n:
 Grant I may so enjoy thy Blessings here,
 As to retain thy Favour and thy Fear:
 From neither may my wandering Footsteps stray,
 Nor earthly Objects draw my Heart away.
 But 'midst the Gifts thy gracious Hand dispense,
 Give Thee in all Things the Pre-eminence!

THUS has the Muse essay'd to sing of Earth,
 To sing her noble Origin and Birth;
 Sing how the Wisdom, Love and Pow'r of God,
 Her Fabric rais'd, and stretched her Frame abroad;
 How all her Gifts, as those of Providence,
 Flow freely from Divine BENEVOLENCE.
 That Principle the Muse hath also trac'd,
 As operating in the human Breast.
 When Friendship the intender'd Bosom fires,
 And with Sensations sweet the Soul inspires;

The Theme hath fill'd a few delightful Hours,
And exercis'd her poor poetic Pow'rs.

AND now she would her Earth-clog'd Plumes adjust,
And strive to rise superior to the Dust;
Nor would she strive to soar with bolder Wing,
And, in superior Style more nobly sing!
She would not merely sketch an heav'nly Song,
But with full Strains the lofty Theme prolong.

No greater Subject can my Pow'rs employ,
No greater Blessing can my Soul enjoy:
When Gratitude and Friendship prompt the Lay,
Dictates of Duty prompt me to obey:
Deep int'rested in the delightful Theme,
My utmost Diligence those Dictates claim.
If e'er I stood in Need of Light divine
Within my dark benighted Soul to shine;
If Wisdom e'er vouchsaf'd my Mind to teach,
And down from Heaven divine Instruction reach;
Lord! now inform my Soul, inspire my Tongue,
Nor let one Note unhallowed taint my Song.

By Terms and Images we oft express,
Some faint Ideas of Thy Love and Grace;

But Images and Terms how trite, how dull !
 Unequal all ; not one completely full :
Love—Mercy—Grace—Good-will—Benevolence,
 Convey but faint Ideas to the Sense ;
 And they who know Thee most will freeliest own
 Thy Goodness inexpressible—unknown.
 Human Investigation fails to scan,
 God's great Good-will to lost, rebellious Man :
 Nor could celestial Language e'er attain
 So high a Note, or raise an equal Strain ;
Confirming Grace inspires angelic Songs ;
 But ; *dying Love's* reserv'd for human Tongues.
 E'er Time's revolving Wheels began to move,
 The Angels sought to scan redeeming Love ;
 Nor since have ceas'd, with anxious Pry, to look :
 But Jesus only can unseal the Book :
 And, Inspiration seems almost to fail ;
 Ev'n Revelation does not full reveal.

LET the important Question now take place,
 “ Am *I* a Subject of redeeming Grace ?
 “ Can *I* assert with humble Confidence,
 “ My Int'rest in this rich BENEVOLENCE ?
 “ Feel I the sweet Incitements of this Love ?
 “ To Jesus do my warm Affections move ?”

O could I in my Saviour's Cause stand forth,
Display His Glories, and proclaim His Worth ;
Ascribe (while list'ning Seraphs hear me sing),
Salvation to their great incarnate King !
But, Lord ! I must confess, with Grief and Shame,
How little I have glorified Thy Name.
How little has Thy Praise employ'd my Tongue,
Or sweet Salvation swell'd my feeble Song !
How have I hid my Talent in the Earth,
And spar'd to speak of my Redeemer's Worth :
While I have wrote of Nature, Things, and Men,
How little has Thy Praise employ'd my Pen,
While human Approbation and Applause
Have been preferr'd before my Saviour's Cause !

LORD ! now draw out my Soul, each Power expand,
Henceforth my Heart, my Tongue, my Pen command ;
Nor more permit unworthy Themes to fire
My future Efforts, or my Song inspire.

WHAT are the comic or the tragic Scenes,
Where Height of Folly and Distraction reigns ?
Extravagant and forc'd Adventures rise,
And stuff'd with strange Improbabilities ;
'Th' enthusiastic Fancy overheats,
And all the tortur'd Feelings agitate ;

With vain Absurdities, Inventions vile,
 The weak, the vain—the vicious Heart beguile,
 With swift Succession sweep it o'er Mind,
 Nor leave one well-digested Truth behind.
 Or what is all the Epic Muse relates ;
 The Rise of Kingdoms, or the Fall of States ?
 Or all that constitute heroic Song ;
 Or all that to the Hero's Deeds belong :
 All their brave Actions, all their martial Skill,
 And all the weighty Missions they fulfil ?
 My Lord's great Conflict, and Conquest exceeds,
 All human Fortitude and valiant Deeds.
 All that Philosophers or Poets tell,
 All their dull Songs and Systems can reveal ;
 How ineffectual, to point out the Road,
 By which the ruin'd Sinner finds his God
 These Things in human Estimation bear
 Importance great ; yet all mere Trifles are ;
 Are like the glimm'ring Glow-worms feeble Rays,
 In Contrast with the Sun's meridian Blaze.
 Such Splendor, Beauty, and Magnificence,
 Shines in Jehovah's grand BENEVOLENCE !

I'D now with Joy resume the pleasing Theme ;
 And pant to feel the pure celestial Flame
 Which in seraphic Bosoms glows, yea more !
 I'd far beyond seraphic Views explore :

A Note more noble, more sublime I'd raise,
To JESU's Love, the Subject of my Praise:
I'd sing the great, the rich, the matchless Grace,
Secur'd to Adam's vile apostate Race,

WHEN late along Afflictions Vale I trod,
And trac'd my Saviour's Footsteps on the Road;
How long'd I then to raise a cheerful Strain,
And feel the blest Result of all His Pain;
I'd now that Wish revive, that Wish improve,
And dwell with Rapture on his boundless Love,
And in the Exercise of Faith divine,
Strive to appropriate the Blessing mine.

UNNUMBER'D Ages e'er the wond'rous Birth
Of universal Nature issu'd forth;
Long e'er the morning Stars together sung,
Or Praise divine employ'd seraphic Tongue—
Eternally, within Jehovah's Breast,
Did all His infinite Perfections rest;
They underiv'd, and independent, shone,
With Beams reflecting on Himself alone.
At length unerring Wisdom saw it meet,
T' appoint angelic Orders to their State;
Them Pow'r divine to heav'nly Thrones did raise,
To taste His Love, and celebrate His Praise.

Nor did their Birth complete the great Design;
Infinite Skill and Energy divine
Together wrought, eventually to prove
Brighter Displays of everlasting Love.

WHEN Time began to roll in Years and Days,
Then Man arose to speak his Maker's Praise—
But is the sad Reflection now return'd,
Which oft the Muse has sung, and oft has mourn'd;
That Man rebel'd and disobey'd his God;
And lost his Glory and his blest Abode?
But this the Plan of God could not frustrate;
But makes his Love appear exceeding great.
Tho' this disastrous Event took Place,
It but enhanc'd the Wonders of His Grace;
His Love in more expressive Language tells,
And all His glorious Attributes reveals.
Tho' Man's Revolt was wilful, vile, and base;
The joyful Message of redeeming Grace,
To ev'ry guilty Rebel doth proclaim,
A free Salvation thro' a Saviour's Name.
Be this thy Source of Triumph, O my Soul!
In Time, and while eternal Ages roll;
This all thy Joy; this constitute thy Bliss;
The ceaseless Subject of thy Song be this;
(Disclaiming ev'ry Hope and Help beside),
“ For me a Saviour liv'd, for me a Saviour dy'd.”

Thus may a sinful Mortal now presume,
To sing between the Cradle and the Tomb;
While Sin and Sorrow press his feeble Frame,
And Death proceeds to urge his eager Claim.
Nor less intent the Soul's infernal Foe;
Nor can her Skill ward off his guileful Blow;
No human Strength sufficient to engage
The fierce Attacks of diabolic Rage:
But still the Saint may sing, and gladly tell,
" My Saviour conquer'd Sin, and Death, and Hell."

HAD Man retain'd his native Innocence,
And still enjoy'd that rich BENEVOLENCE
Which from the Deity divinely flow'd,
And blest him with Communion with his God;
Creation might have swel'd his cheerful Song,
And Preservation his glad Strains prolong;
For though Disease he had not then sustain'd,
Yet God his pure Existence had maintain'd
Dependent on his Will; for only He
Hath independent Immortality.
He might have sung of kind, divine Regard;
The Joys his Maker's Presence could afford;
And how improv'd by daily Intercourse,
His active Pow'rs collected noble Force:
His Duty interwoven in his Heart;
Nor prone from prompt Obedience to depart

This Privilege he then would have enjoy'd,
His Heart they had engag'd, his Tongue employ'd,
Divine Perfections had employ'd his Song;
What Glories to the Lord his God belong
With Rapture he'd have sung; but ne'er could tell
The greater Glories of Immanuel.
This Theme's reserv'd for Sinners Tongues to share;
A Fruit which Paradise could never bear;
A Bloom which buds in this dark Vale below,
And soon in Heav'n will in Perfection blow.
Yes; 'tis the Song Sinners alone can sing;
The Source whence all their Consolations spring!
Hence, they derive their Hope and Confidence;
Hence, feel unparallel'd BENEVOLENCE,
Unfelt below, and e'vn unsung Above,
Till Sin appear'd, the Strength of Jesu's Love!

BUT while the Muse attempts, with feeble Lay,
This Love in all Glories to display;
Inadequate she feels her noblest Strain;
Her strongest Images how weak, how vain!
All Art or Nature, Sense or Reason, boast,
Are all in this vast, boundless Subject lost.
Nor can Creation fit Resemblance find,
Nor fit Ideas fill the Human Mind.—
But to the humble Soul who feels her Need,
'Tis precious Love, divinely rich indeed!

Not Streams that in the sultry Desert meet,
The weary Trav'ler, spent with Toil and Heat,
To greater Joy his parching Lips invite,
Or his exhausted Spirits more Delight.
Captives, who long the galling Chain have worn,
In Dungeon Cells, unpitied and forlorn,
If high they prize their Ease and Liberty,
And love the gracious Hand that sets them free ;
Such the Release the wounded Spirit feels,
When JESUS his forgiving Love reveals ;
Such warm Affections to his Hand divine
They feel ; and see His matchless Glories shine :
And while they taste, and see, and feel, His Love,
Their firm Attachment to their Lord to prove.
Constrain'd by Love, by cleansing Grace renew'd,
Slain is their Enmity, their Pride subd'd :
Nor can Allurements draw, or Terrors drive,
Them from their Savior, by whose Love they live.
Affliction, Persecution, or Distress,
Their Faith may try, but ne'er can dispossess ;
Submissive to the Lot their God ordains,
If led thro' gladsome, or thro' gloomy Scenes.
But Few are favour'd with the former Lot
"Are many Noble call'd?" the Word says, "not;"
But prais'd be Grace divine, that some there are,
Who earthly Good and heav'nly Blessings share ;

Rais'd to support their great Redeemer's Cause,
And spread thro' Earth the Glories of his Cross;
Blest with a liberal Heart and Hand to give,
His poor afflicted Members they relieve.

Thus happiest of Men the Christian is,
Nor earthly Blessings constitute his Bliss:
If each Resource of earthly Good's deny'd,
He's richly from the Fountain-Head supply'd:
To be prefer'd is the poor Christian's State,
Free'd from the Snares and Dangers of the Great:
Like the smooth Stream which down the Valley glides,
Onward he calmly and obscurely Slides:
Nor unto worldly Greatness he aspires;
Nor much of worldly Wisdom he acquires,
His Bible all his Maker's Will reveals;
The Truth he sees, its Efficacy feels;
Nor needs scholastic Arguments to prove
His special Int'rest in his Saviour's Love;
As plain as precious, the full Promise shines,
Nor Unbelief perverts the sacred Lines;
Full-fraught with all his Soul or Body needs,
On which his Faith and Hope divinely feeds.
Within his lowly Dwelling PEACE abides,
And o'er his Board fair TEMPERANCE presides;

If with coarse Fare he's fed, celestial Food
Crowns the Repast with more than sensual Good
Tho' plain, or patch'd his Garb, he'll Comfort draw
From that blest Robe that ne'er admits a Flaw.
Nor Gold distracts his Brain, nor loads his Purse,
Nor Consolations grow from shining Dust.
Unclog'd with Earth, he runs his destin'd Road,
Dependent on an All-sufficient God :
Content crowns ev'ry Blessing he enjoys,
And Gratitude, with Praise, his 'Tongue employs.
Such is his blest Estate, his plenteous Store ;
Much in Possession, in Reversion more ;
He's rich in Faith, and of a Kingdom Heir,
Whose Wealth and Glories are beyond Compare.

WHEN Time of Years has fill'd the vast Amount,
And put a final Close to the Account.
Full Tides of Glory then shall fill his Views,
And Bliss expressless thro' his Soul diffuse :
And then his Body freed from all Disease,
In Incorruption will his Saviour raise.

THUS doth the Saint in Time his Saviour find
Gracious and good, benevolent and kind ;
But in those blissful Regions He'll dispense,
A boundless, endless, full BENEVOLENCE !

But ; who shall sing the Glories of that State ?
Bliss inconceivable ; divinely great ;
Replete with all a triune God can give ;
All, Man's capacious Spirit can receive.

CEASE, then, my Muse ! nor soar above thy Height ;
Urge not thy heedless, inadvertent Flight ;
Desist ; nor with dull Strains disgrace the Theme ;
Nor with frail Notes the Subject more defame ;
Unapt, unfit to converse with the Skies,
More in the Vale thy lowly Province lies.

YET while I tread this dreary Desert thro',
May heav'nly Glories brighten to my View ;
Blest with divine Support, divine Supplies,
Let Faith present the near approaching Prize ;
Till, when the Springs of Life are languid grown,
And sore Disease break this frail Fabric down,
I share my Portion in the promis'd Rest,
And soar to Heav'n, to be for ever blest !

THE END.



